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THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.

39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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CUCKOO LORE.

"TURN your money, ma'am," cried an old servant as we both listened to the call of the cuckoo for the first time that year. "Turn your money, an' 'twill be good luck as you'll have all the year." We found that in the Midlands this superstition was much believed in, it being a general saying that if one hears the cuckoo cry before the middle of April, and turns over the money in one's pocket, the remainder of the year will be marked by good luck and prosperity. This belief is specially noticed by farmers, although in various places the dates differ slightly. In Wales, for instance, it is considered unlucky to hear the cuckoo before April 6th; but if the first call should be heard on the 28th, prosperity will follow the rest of the year. In the North of England it is considered specially unlucky to have no money in the pocket the first time the cuckoo is heard, and drovers and farmers take special care to avoid this, believing such an occurrence would spoil their year. Cornishmen listen carefully for the first call, believing that if it is heard from the right or from before them it is a sign of good luck, but if heard from behind or from the left that death or ill-luck will be their lot. In Eastern England there is a superstition stating that whatever one is doing when first the cuckoo is heard, that will be the thing most frequently done during the year. One cannot help but notice in the many rhymes about the cuckoo quoted in rural districts, that the bird is always spoken of as "she," yet the female cuckoo has no call-note, but only a harsh cry, by one writer described as a "screaming chatter." The rustics, however, persist in describing every bird as a female, and it seems to be the general belief that if the cuckoo is heard before April a season of ill-luck may be predicted. In the Evesham Valley it is said that the cuckoo ought not to be heard till Tenbury Fair, which falls upon April 20th, or after Pershore Fair, which is June 26th, otherwise the season for fruit will be bad. In some parts of the Midlands the children chant the following verse of an old folk-song on hearing the first call of the cuckoo:

The cuckoo is a merry bird,
She sings as she flies;
She brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.

She sucks other birds' eggs
To make her voice clear,
And then she sings "Cuckoo,"
Three months in the year.

In most country districts the cuckoo is held in disrepute, probably because of her well-known laziness with respect to building a nest. The hedge-sparrow, of course, is the frequent, if unwilling, host of the cuckoo's eggs. This callousness on the part of the cuckoo is very abnormal and very difficult to account for. The American cuckoo, however, builds a nest and rears her young. Although the hedge-sparrow appears to be the bird most favoured (or otherwise) by the cuckoo, we have known instances where a cuckoo's egg has been found in the nest of a robin, also in that of a redstart.

In most country districts, too, it is believed that the bird becomes a sparrow-hawk in summer, and in Germany it is said to turn into a hawk after St. John's Day. In most European countries where the cuckoo is known it seems to be associated with superstition of some kind. Thus among the German peasants it is believed that the cuckoo will tell you by the repetition of his cry how many years you have to live. A similar belief prevails in the North of England, where the village maids say:

Cuckoo, cherry-tree,
Good bird tell me
How many years I have to live.

In Shropshire it was customary until late years for the villagers when they first heard the call of the cuckoo to leave off work, and to spend the rest of the day in merry-making, the ale which was drunk on these occasions being known as "cuckoo ale." Probably this and other similar customs are reminders of the festival of spring. In Sweden the peasant girls believe that the call of the cuckoo when first heard will discover to them how many years they will remain unwed. They bend on one knee on hearing the call and repeat:

Cuckoo grey, tell to me,
How many years shall I go free,
How many years shall I live to get married.

The Danes have a somewhat similar practice. In Scotland it is considered very lucky to be out in the fields when the first call is heard. A very popular rhyme is as follows:

Gang and hear the gowk yell,
Sit and see the swallow flee,
See the foal before its mither's 'ee . . .
'Twill be a thriving year for thee.

But in some parts it is considered very unlucky to hear the cuckoo before the first swallow appears, and in Southern England it is believed to be unlucky to hear the cuckoo before the nightingale. This is alluded to by Chaucer in his poem "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale":

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which lovers need;
How among them it was a common tale
That it was good to hear the nightingale
'Ere the vile cuckoo's note be uttered,

and Milton in his sonnet "To the Nightingale" says

Thy liquid notes that close the eve of day,
First heard before the swallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love.

In some parts of England the proverb "When the cuckoo puls her feathers the housewife must be chary of her eggs" is a popular saying, and in Norfolk the peasants say that if the cuckoo come before oats are sown the year will be bad for the farmer. Thus the following proverb:

Cuckoo oats and woodcock hay
Make a farmer run away.

Moreover, the old Welsh proverb anent the cuckoo is worth mention: "When thou hearest the cuckoo cry take timely heed to thy ways, for it may be he warns thee to a straighter line of duty."

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Marchioness of Exeter. The Marchioness of Exeter is the only daughter of the fourth Baron Bolton, and was married to the Marquess in 1901.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



BY the death of the Duke of Devonshire, Cambridge is bereft of a Chancellor, and the filling up of that high and important post has already become a matter of deep consideration. Several names have been mentioned, but, so far, the one most favoured seems to be that of Lord Rayleigh. Without in any way disparaging the great titles to such an honour possessed by other men, it must be said that Lord Rayleigh has almost unique qualifications. Cambridge has, at any rate in later years, been more distinguished than the sister University for mathematics and scientific study; while the "home of lost causes," naturally enough, has kept up its reputation for classical learning. Lord Rayleigh, whose eminence in scientific research is known all over the civilised world, is, therefore, a particularly good choice. Cambridge could not expect to have a more illustrious or more fitting Chancellor.

Colonel Maude's extraordinary article in the *Contemporary Review* seems to point to a new way of putting an end to the competition in armaments between nations. He describes a new weapon, which he considers there is nothing to prevent from throwing shells from London to Paris, or *vice versa*, at the rate of a few thousands a day. He claims for this weapon absence of recoil, smoke and flash, together with a cheapness of construction which no Government can possibly afford to overlook—and ours least of all, because its adoption would put a stop for generations to the senseless competition in battleship programmes which recent events have forced upon us. It seems extremely likely that some such invention will have the result of reducing our expenditure on armaments to an absurdity. The expense at present is due, as Colonel Maude very properly points out, to the enormous structural strength it is necessary to give to the hulls of battleships to enable them to resist the shock and concussion caused when firing their guns. But should the weapon become a practical instrument of warfare it is fairly obvious that after the first few weeks or days every warship will either be at the bottom of the sea or in dock. Indeed, the imagination fails to grasp the possibilities opened up by this invention. Let us hope there is some truth in the boast of Mr. Simpson, the inventor, "if there is anything which will help to bring about the time when swords will be beaten into ploughshares it is this invention."

Mr. Asquith is a lucky Chancellor of the Exchequer. March, the end of the financial year, showed an increase of revenue of no less than £3,703,000 over the estimate. Further, the estimated expenditure has not been reached, so that altogether there will be a surplus of close upon five millions. The figures, broadly speaking, are satisfactory, but the manner in which the revenue has been increased will not give satisfaction to everybody. There has been, for instance, a growth in the productiveness of income-tax, which yields £1,830,000 more than he expected. It is a result of the increased stringency with which returns have been demanded, and a greater inquisitiveness into the earnings of the private individual. The income-tax to a large extent is abstracted from the industrial capital of the country, as it may be taken for granted that, but for the demand of the revenue, the money would have been invested in commercial enterprises. Mr. Asquith's Budget is sure to be exciting, if it were for nothing else but the old-age pension scheme.

In spite of being such a large town, London is fortunate in having within its boundaries spaces where the advent of spring can be as pleasantly observed as in any rural lane or secluded woodland. Nature and art combine to make the parks testify to the beauty of the season. Many coloured crocuses gleam amid the grass of St. James's, in the Green Park a few daffodils have already burst into blossom and thousands of others are preparing to make a glorious show as soon as they have experienced a few

days of April sunshine. The town gardeners have tried to introduce even the primrose into Hyde Park, and it grows there almost as prettily as in its native woodland—and this is only the beginning. Thousands of other bulbs are toiling upward to meet the sunlight. The trees, though they still bear the dark colours of winter, are already "burgeoning," and in the course of a few days will be dressed in their first garments of light green. Thus, "whosoever is in city bent" may if he list, by walking in the parks and public spaces, gather some idea of that renewal of life which is effecting its annual transfiguration of the country.

A singular tale of officialism is disclosed in the report of Mr. Walter Young upon the accounts of the Erith Urban District Council. It appears that a small strip of land was taken over by the council, the value of which was ultimately decided to be £250; but to arrive at this conclusion a sum of no less than £2,227 11s. 9d. was expended. The cost of award was over £500, the claimant's costs £859, the costs of council and solicitor £846, giving the sums in round figures. The law we all know to be at the best of times a very expensive luxury; but this is not the first proof we have had that law conducted by an official body is, to say the least of it, the dearest kind on the market. That a stop should be put to outlay so extravagantly beyond the results obtained seems to be a matter for the Legislature. The money of the ratepayers ought to be as jealously guarded as that of the private individual.

WANDEREE.

King Wanderee has come over the sea
And nobody knows what he said to me.
He came in the trade-wind down from the hill,
He crept in my bones and I can't keep still;
For there's never a harbour, a maid or a wife
Can keep a man from the old sea life.
When Wanderee comes over the sea
We sailors up and we goes with he!

King Wanderee has come over the sea
And he whispered low in the heart of me,
And I saw the fair wind blow to the West
And a great ship sliding from crest to crest;
And who am I to be stayed by fears
Or turned about by a maiden's tears?
When Wanderee comes over the sea
It's kiss your lass and along with he!

King Wanderee has come over the sea
And he calls my mates by two and by three,
Calls and calls till he stirreth the blood
And a man wakes up to his hardihood.
Then it's good-bye, wife, and it's good-bye, maid,
Good-bye to port and we'll not be stayed;
For Wanderee has come over the sea
And we sailors all are away with he!

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

All lovers of the country will sympathise with the letter sent out by the National League for Physical Education and Improvement, reminding the managers of Sunday schools and all clubs for young people that in previous years they have obtained leave for such institutions to turn their young folk into certain playgrounds under the control of the county councils, urban district councils or other bodies. In the summer this is a very valuable concession for children who would otherwise have only the close streets to play in. In London leave is obtained by letter addressed to the Letting Clerk, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, and the very reasonable provisos made in giving the permission are stated to be that no evening classes are in progress at the time, that those who are using the playground shall be under proper control and supervision, and that the County Council be indemnified for any damage.

The Oxford and Cambridge sports aroused rather more than usual interest this year. One reason for this fact is that they were in some sort a trial of candidates for places in the team which will represent England in the Olympic Games. That team will not be complete without Powell, who ran his hurdle race at least as well this year as last. He was left at the start, did not get going for the first three flights and then outclassed his field. It was a great performance, particularly as in all probability there is no better second string for England in this race than Hussey. Powell might equal Krauzlem's record time, given hard springy turf and a still day. The other runners who seemed to be most nearly of the same class were Just and Hallows. The former did a fine time in the Half, and looks like a man who is improving. The latter's time was also exceedingly good for the inter-Varsity sports; but long-distance running reaches a higher standard among athletes who have not had a University education. However, nobody knows how good Hallows really is. He is a lazy runner and never goes faster than he is obliged to.

An interesting problem would have arisen if the American Rhodes Scholar, Hull, had won the sprint and done the level time confidently expected of him. Would he have been eligible to represent England? We should say it would have been wrong to make him run against his native country. Six Rhodes Scholars represented Oxford last Saturday, and short-sighted persons commented unfavourably on the fact. Mr. Rhodes's bequest was intended to benefit the Empire as much as his old University; and Oxford would be guilty of a breach of faith if those who are sent to her to learn what she can teach and carry it over the world were debarred from sharing in one of the most important departments of her life. How completely the Rhodes Scholars do become "Oxfordised" is proved by the fact that their successes are as welcome to their colleges as those won by the native Briton.

An Oxford correspondent writes: "We, the remnants of the University left in residence during vacation, have experienced several shocks during the past ten days. We thought our men were going to win the golf match at Sunningdale, and when that went wrong, consoled ourselves with the confident hope of victory in the sports. Again, the supposed good thing failed to come off. But we have experienced blows of this kind before, as we have delivered them, and they were softened by the knowledge that they came from a quarter whence that sort of thing is more or less expected. The unkindest cut of all has been inflicted upon us by our own side. The secret trial which the crew rowed on Friday in last week will be remembered long after the pain caused by the other two events has passed away. The elaborate precautions taken to deceive the public, coupled with an entire absence of any explanation of the reasons which prompted such a departure from precedent, seem to us to be 'not cricket.' We very much fear that London will be gay with light blue ribbon on Saturday, and that, if Oxford wins, the wearers thereof will refrain from dipping their favours in the nearest watering trough, preferring to show their sympathy with the losing side. The action of the president and his advisers has placed the ordinary Oxford man on the defensive, and the only weapon which we can employ to protect our self-respect is the argument that there must have been some very cogent reason for so startling a manoeuvre. We claim to know, and that promptly, what that reason was."

A curious evidence of a change in taste which many people have noticed was the subject of reference at the annual meeting, in the heart of the industrial Midlands, of a well-known firm of mineral-water manufacturers. Lemonade and soda at one time were popular drinks, but now they have almost ceased to be asked for. Among temperance beverages, the most popular by far is dry ginger ale. Our own observation is entirely in agreement with the figures given by the manufacturers, who show that nearly twice as much is consumed of this fluid than of any of the others that are not customarily used with spirits. The fact is worth noting, because it is evident that nothing can promote the true cause of temperance more than the coming into favour of a non-alcoholic beverage. It is a reproach against temperance drinks that, as a rule, they are very distasteful. One would think that the science of the day ought to be sufficient to manufacture something more satisfactory. Probably a cider could be made with a low percentage of alcohol that would supersede many of the fluids now in common use.

It seems rather curious that in a year when everything in the garden is so backward, the crop of slugs, devouring all the new growth that they can find, should be abnormally large. We have realised by sad experience that a late spring is a blessing in disguise, and our hopes for the summer beauty of the flowers are set all the higher on account of it; but the waiting seems long—snowdrops and crocuses in flower remind us of winter almost as forcibly as the normal spring blooms which we miss. How backward we are is witnessed strikingly by the comparison of this season with the spring of 1906. In that year we have a note as follows: "Double daffodils and golden spur well out in orchard by 20th, but spoilt a good deal by snow on the 25th. *Anemone fulgens* lovely in pergola border. Grape hyacinths in orchard very good." The above is not the record of an unusually early season, but that it was early in comparison with this is indicated by the fact that it was not till March 25th of this year that we had the very first daffodil in bloom in the same orchard, and the rest of the early flowers were later correspondingly.

A correspondent who desires to hide his anonymity under the appropriate phrase "*Vieux Oiseau*," writes to offer a suggestion that may perhaps be worth considering. It was inspired by the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, when the usual anathemas were pronounced against women who followed the barbarous practice of decorating their

headgear with the feathers of scarce and beautiful birds. Our correspondent suggests that the very legitimate desire of ladies for bright colour might be gratified if they confined themselves to foliage, flowers and fruit. He suggests that they might wear either a fine imitation, or the real thing always in season. He would not have them wear *Gloire de Dijon* roses out of doors in March, but rather sprays of *laurustinus*, jonquils, crocuses and narcissi. He goes on with much eloquence and fervour to point out that in this way the ladies could have 365 changes in the year. They would also be afforded a new incentive to study the science of botany. We fear that the idea is one of those that everybody will applaud but no one adopt, for, fortunately or unfortunately, there is a certain antipathy to wearing mock flowers, and real flowers cannot be guaranteed to maintain their colour and freshness under the atmospheric conditions to which, under the social customs of the present day, they would be subjected. Of course, there is a certain amount of unreason in the complaint made. As a matter of fact, great numbers of what are supposed to be birds' skins are made up, and never belonged to a bird at all.

Perhaps the Anglo-Saxon is not to be accused of any tendency to fail to claim for himself such merits as he deserves, but certainly in a zeal for the preservation of interesting species of the lower animals he is more eminent than most other races. In our own country during the next few months the watchers employed by the Royal Society for the Preservation of Birds will be active in many places around our coasts to guard certain interesting colonies from the raids of collectors, professional and amateur. Much good work on the same lines is also done by watchers employed at the private expense of landowners on whose estates such birds nest. The actual legal protection depends generally on the local option of the various county councils. In America a similar work is very largely (but not largely enough to be adequate) undertaken by the Audubon societies. It seems to be especially along the Pacific Coasts, where the sea-birds breed, which are at once so beautiful to watch and so useful in the unbeautiful work of scavengers, that there is need of a good deal more protection from the wholesale raiding.

NOCTURNE.

One star above, one red lamp on the plain,
So folds once more the shepherd night his hills,
Sets walls of dusk about their sleep, and fain
Mine too would be the footsteps that he stills.
One silver song, one burst of startled flight,
And so the last note dies, the last wing droops,
Deep calls to deep, and leaning through the night
The great heart of the far Creator stoops
O'er me too, yet alas! towards the vale
Too soon the white road calls, that I must tread,
By field and farm, until the sky, grown pale,
Surmounts once more the city that I fled,
Until this road, grown monstrous, sucks me back
With arms exultant to the strife, that fills
Each foolish triumph and each mean attack
With splendours, that shrink strangely on these hills.
Ah, God, let me forget not these Thy hills.

H. H. BASHFORD.

With the advent of April we begin to look for those most cheerful of all immigrants, the birds that visit our country to perform their domestic duties. During the early days of April a crowd of birds are expected, including swallows, house-martins and sand-martins. The cuckoo and the wryneck come within the first week or ten days. The wood-wren and the willow-wren, the nightingale, blackcap and redstart ought all to be visible within the first fortnight. Those that come later are the nightjar, the turtle-dove and the corncrake. They and the flowers that are now arriving in great numbers make up the companies of spring.

Australia supplements our crops in many ways that are remarkable. It sends grass butter during our winter period, and at the present time the supply of apples is beginning. It will be very welcome, because by now the stores of English apples are very much exhausted, and last season's crops in Canada and the States were so very short that no great competition is expected from the other side of the Atlantic. The magnitude of the trade from Australia may be judged from the fact that from Hobart alone the shipments will amount to 427,000 bushel cases. The first cargo left Australia in the middle of February and the last will sail in April. A certain part of the fruit exported from Australia goes to Germany, where the prices obtained are somewhat better than in England. The fruit comes at the most opportune moment for this country, because by this time the usual constituents of fruit pies are nearing exhaustion, while the products of spring are yet afar off.

SCHOONER-RACING.

THERE are few finer sights than a large schooner yacht reaching under a press of canvas; for, with the wind upon the beam, every inch of her vast sail area is brought into action. Under such conditions the rig is the fastest extant, and schooners have at times attained a speed of nearly seventeen knots. Regarded from a purely spectacular point of view, the "two-sticker" is the queen of the seas, and the promised revival of schooner-racing is likely to be one of the most popular features of the coming yachting season. To the present generation of yachtsmen schooner-racing is little more than a name, for the famous class that bore the brunt of British racing for a period of nearly thirty years died a natural death towards the end of the seventies. The adoption of schooner-racing in this country was the direct outcome of the visit of the America in 1851, for the pronounced superiority of the Yankee clipper over English yachts not only revolutionised the science of naval architecture, but also set the

fashion in the matter of rig. Although the America wrested from us a trophy which we have never yet succeeded in recovering, it is impossible to over-estimate the benefit that accrued to British yachting from her visit. The speed displayed by the America in that historic race round the Wight, when she ran right away from the flower of the British pleasure fleet, soon convinced our designers that theories long accepted were at fault, and they forthwith began to modify their ideas. The old "cod's head and mackerel's tail" type of hull gave place to one with a long, fine bow and the greatest beam at or abaft the centre of the water-line. In like manner a vast improvement was wrought in the canvas of our yachts. Prior to the advent of the Yankee schooner the sails employed on our pleasure craft were little better than bellying bags, loose footed and fashioned of heavy flax. These were superseded by sails made of light cotton duck, which were laced to the booms and cut to set flat. These changes marked the dawn of a new era



Boken & Son.

A WHOLE SAIL BREEZE. ADELA.

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W. U. Kirk.

SUSANNE.

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in yacht design, and in the years that followed a number of historical vessels were launched. Schooner-racing was at its zenith in the sixties and early seventies, and the doings of such famous yachts as Aline, Egeria, Alarm, Pantomime, Flying Cloud, Cambria, Guinever, Cetonia, Corinne, Phantom, Miranda, Hildegard, Elmina, Amphitrite and Olga are recorded in the archives of the sport in letters of a flaming red.

With the return to favour of the cutter rig in the early eighties, schooner-racing began to decline, for it was soon found that the two rigs could not be mixed with any degree of satisfaction. With the wind abeam the schooner is the faster vessel, but when it comes to a thrash to windward, the cutter is vastly superior, as she points higher and is quicker in stays. So well is this fact recognised that, under Y.R.A. rules, yachts with more than one mast receive a generous rig allowance. It is obvious that when the rigs are mixed an element of luck is imported into the racing, for the result must, to a large extent, be governed by the weather conditions. Should the wind enable the craft engaged to reach all round the course, the schooner can hardly fail to win, while, on the other hand, a large proportion of windward work must completely eliminate her chance of victory. As the cutters increased in numbers the schooners dropped out, and in a few years' time matches for the latter type of vessel disappeared altogether from regatta programmes. The schooner, however, has never lost its popularity for cruising purposes, as large vessels thus rigged can be handled with a comparatively small crew, a feature which makes for economy. The modern fast-cruising schooner is undoubtedly a very fine vessel, but, when entered in the handicap

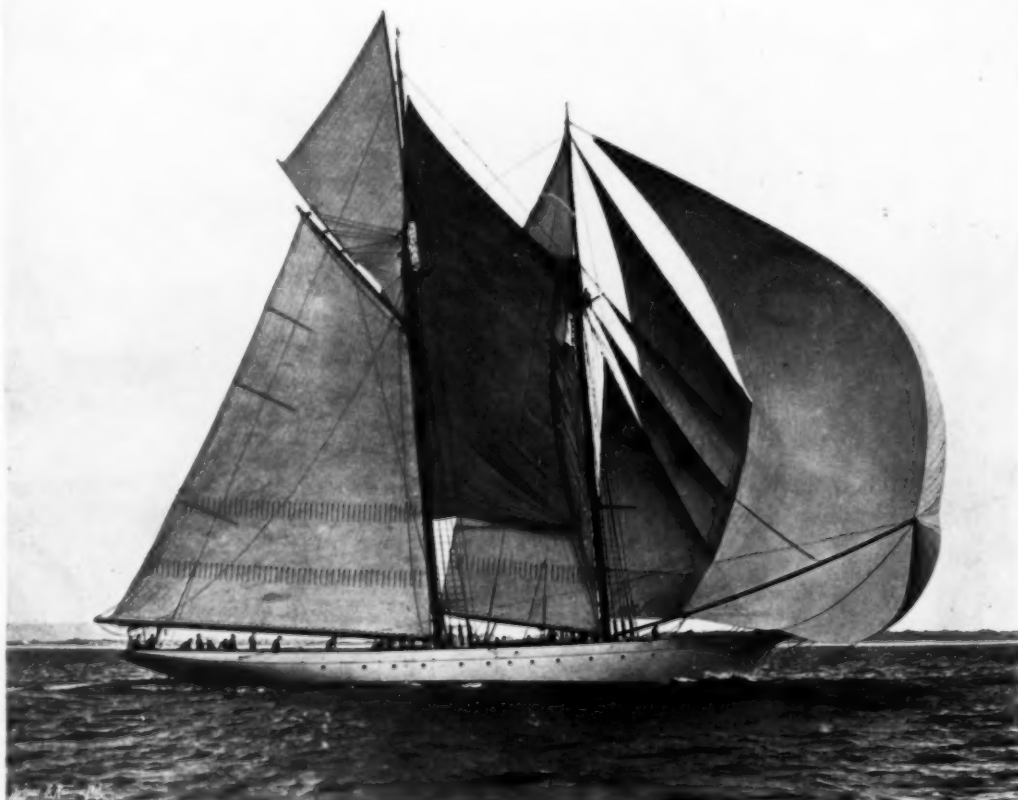
class with yachts of other rig, she is little better than a "spoil-sport." The inclusion of such a vessel is the handicapper's despair, for given a strong reaching wind she must win, or a head wind and she must lose. Thus placed on the horns of a dilemma, he will as likely as not adopt a middle course, with disastrous results. A case in point was the Dover to Ostend race in 1906, when the cutter Kariad was set to allow the schooner Clara 49min. The yachts had a strong wind, which enabled them to fetch all the way, with the result that the schooner won with no less than 45min. in hand. With such a fiasco fresh in the memory, the inclusion of one or two schooners in a fleet composed mainly of cutters and yawls can hardly be regarded in the light of an unmixed blessing; but if a number of schooners be collected together and raced as a class under Y.R.A. conditions as regards time allowance, the sport should be of the very highest order.

The coming season will witness a welcome revival of schooner-racing in English waters, and the fleet of "two-

stickers" expected at Harwich Regatta will be a notable one, comprising the following well-known vessels:

| Yacht. | Owner. | Approximate Rating. |
|----------------|-------------------------|---------------------|
| Meteor | The German Emperor ... | 31'8 mètres. |
| Cicely | Mr. Cecil Whittaker ... | 28 .. |
| Iduna | The German Empress ... | 30 .. |
| Adela | Mr. Claud Cayley ... | 26 7 .. |
| Clara | Mr. Max Guillaume ... | 25'3 .. |
| Susanne | Mr. Huldchinsky ... | 23'25 .. |

Several of these yachts, it will be noticed, are German owned;



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IDUNA.

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but all are well known to English yachtsmen. The German contingent will race across the North Sea, from Bremerhaven to Felixstowe, the residents of the latter town having provided a handsome cup for the match. It is expected that the German boats, after racing at Harwich Regatta, will take part in the subsequent Thames matches and the Nore to Dover fixture. The yachts represent the A class of the International rule for schooners, yawls and ketches exceeding 23 metres rating, and will race under the time scale recently framed by the International Yacht Racing

Union. Such sport is far removed from ordinary handicap racing, for the time scale is an arbitrary one, calculated upon a scientific principle and intended merely to bring together yachts of slightly different rating. These time allowances, attaching to the rating, and not to the yacht, never vary.

The German Emperor's great schooner, Meteor, a vessel of 412 tons measurement, was built in America from the design of Carey Smith, and for several years past has carried



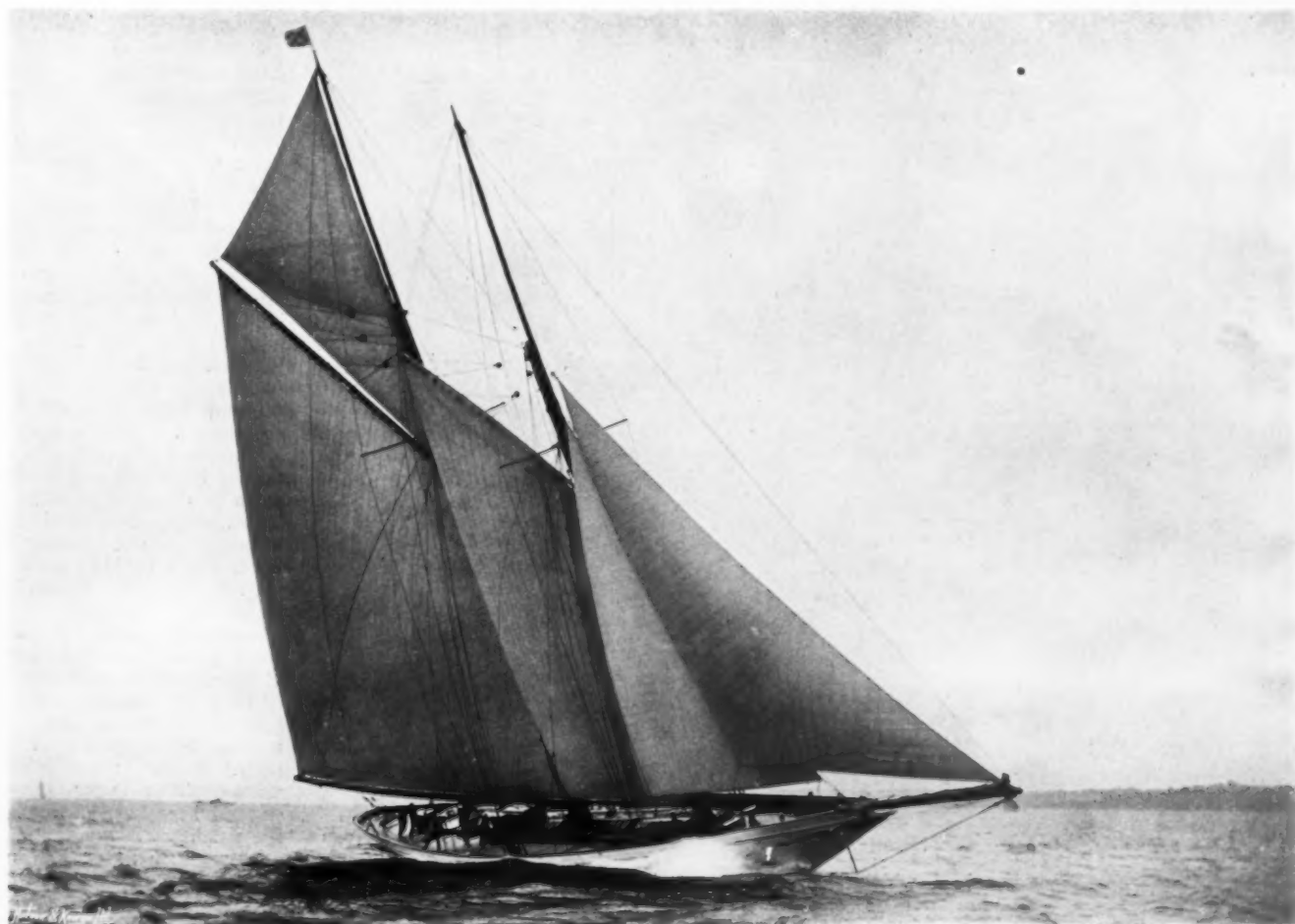
Beken & Son.

CLARA.

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the Imperial colours prominently at Cowes Regatta. Iduna is another American-built vessel which, under the name of Yampa, crossed the Atlantic many years ago to race against the English schooner Amphitrite, which defeated her in the Solent. Cicely is, perhaps, the speediest schooner for her size ever launched. She was built for Mr. Cecil Quentin in 1902 from the design of Fife, and has hitherto done most of her racing in German waters. In her first season she competed at Kiel against the Meteor, which had just made her appearance, securing the majority of the prizes. Although

measuring some 150 tons less than the Imperial schooner, she on several occasions led her home, and when placed in a different class practically swept the board. Having at Kiel been relegated to a smaller class in which there were no yachts sufficiently fast to provide her with sport, and in the absence of class-racing at home, Mr. Quentin laid up the schooner in 1903 and she has not since been commissioned. Cicely is probably the closest-winded two-sticker ever put in the water, and will be a worthy British representative in the new



W. U. Kirk.

CICELY.

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class. The yacht, which has recently passed into the ownership of Mr. Cecil Whittaker, is being thoroughly overhauled and will have new masts and a larger sail area than of yore. It is a matter for regret that this beautiful vessel should have remained idle for so long, but Mr. Quentin declined to race her in the handicap class, and there was no other sport available for her. The year before last he offered to fit her out and sail a series of five matches against any other schooner afloat under Y.R.A. conditions for £1,000 a side per match; but there was no response to his sporting offer, and Cicely remained ashore until purchased by Mr. Whittaker. Susanne is also a Fife-designed yacht, which, although German owned, is manned by an English crew. She is a particularly able vessel, and has recently had

if all the yachts hoist their colours as is expected the racing should afford the finest spectacle seen afloat for many a long day.

FRANCIS B. COOKE.

A MUSHROOM FAIR IN LENT.

THE pious Russian eats no meat in Lent. Once the Carnival, with its burst of drinking and feasting, is over, the Day of Forgiveness past (a sort of Old Year's Night festival) and Ash Wednesday has signalled itself by a day-long tolling of bells for prayers, the true Slav enters upon a time of rigorous self-denial. Nominally he lives wholly upon Lenten oil; in actual practice he generally manages to find something more sustaining — different sorts of porridge, fruit jellies, mushroom soups and the like. Vegetables are expensive, an ordinary vegetarian restaurant dinner costing 3s. or 4s., and there is, therefore, a first-rate market for any of the past summer or autumn's produce that the peasant can bring in. About mid-March the Moscow peasant's Mushroom Fair takes place each year, and there is a grand turnover of greasy roubles and copecks at that busy market. The country peasant has awakened from his winter sleep to go on his first adventure and work of the year, for as yet his fields are deep in snow and Jack Frost will not be vanquished for another month. The mushrooms that, with the help of his wife and children, he gathered in the autumn are all frozen together in the casks at the back of his izba; the planks and boards of his sledge, van and market stall lie frozen together among the drifts and icicles. A rough jaunt this year! March came in with great winds and snowstorms. The track of the road is an even wilderness of snow. Yet for the fifty or even one hundred miles that the peasant comes to this honey fair he finds his road and battles gaily forward. Through drift, over stream, skirting the great forest, he goes on with many a slip and tumble, the dry snow blowing up and down in a Russian snow mist. Wrapped up in sacking and sheepskin, he sits among his casks and trestles, sings or sleeps or talks to his horse, every now and then standing up and pulling the horse round by his rope reins with a "Gently, Vaska," or "Curse you, Herod!"

During the first week in Lent he arrives at Moscow, and every year at that time one may see the long lines of stalls and booths newly rigged up on the quayside of the river, below the Kremlin walls. This year it has snowed heavily every day and the wind has blown the stalls about, and drifted the snow over

the merchandise, but one never hears a remark about the weather. Crowds of folk kick their way through the deep snow on the uneven ground and laugh and chaffer as they might at Hampstead Heath in June. The Moscow old-wife is very busy.



West & Son.

METEOR.

Copyright

some alterations effected to her keel which should enhance her speed. Adela and Clara are well-known craft which have raced with success in the handicap classes during the past few years. Altogether the class is an excellent one, and

She is a fat, rank, jolly woman, more like the old-wives of Berwick than those of any other place in Europe, perhaps. Figure the old gossips buying, gingerly sampling and tasting, dipping in a huge vat of soaking mushrooms and taking a Rabelaisian mouthful from a great wooden spoon, or holding a dripping yellow-green mushroom between a fat thumb and forefinger. There are also women in charge of some of the stalls—peasant wives, fat, laughing, healthy women. The wind blows fresh against the rosy cheeks of a gay crowd, for the market is truly half a revel and a game. It is a fair, but quite a strange one. What an array of clumsy casks, all these full of very mushy-looking mushrooms soaking in oil or vinegar. Then there are the ropes of dried mushrooms, tied as we tie daisy-chains in England. But it is not only a Mushroom Fair. Yonder is a huge pile of bright red berries; the peasant in charge insists on calling you Baron. These are cranberries he has for sale; they can be stewed into a fine-looking pudding. Sour jelly they call it, a bright crimson; it looks too good to eat. Boys are running about with stuffed birds—crows, magpies, jays—that the country youths stuffed in the autumn. One can buy all sorts of things here, even inlaid chess-tables and hand-made chessmen. At one side a youth is selling calico that has been in a fire; there is a crowd about him and a Petticoat Lane-like bidding is going on. Next to him is a place for buying plaster saints and holy pictures. The next stall is occupied by a man with hot pies—piping hot yellow puffs full of mushroom and cauliflower, and *vis-à-vis* is a huge, steaming samovar from which a thirsty throng are getting tea at 1d. a glass. Perhaps the most Russian are the huge piles of clumsy wooden implements, hacked out of pine with the all-useful adze. A sea of Russian basins, of chests, trays and all kinds of boxes. Then there is the pottery department, a fine place for buying queer pots. If you wish to buy mushrooms in oil, you must go and buy a pot first; you get a strange brown vase looking like a Roman urn. You want to buy jam—you must first buy a pot. A stall over the way is heaped up with honey—hard, frozen honey. What you buy is done up in a newspaper for you, but you can get for a few pence a large green rush basket, and in that put dried mushrooms, dried fruits for compôte, cranberries and the like.

This is a great chance to see the Russian peasant with his own produce. All here is Russian—even the oranges and lemons come from the groves of South Russia. One gets another glimpse of the Russian harmony, the harmony of which the winter, the forests, the church, the peasants, the beggars are integral parts. This Russian life is actually organic, and all that is of it is necessarily akin to all. This picture is undiscordant. Happy, rude, contented Russia! All these old-world folk are like grown-up children playing shop with mud pies. What careless laughter rings about this snowy fair; what absurd wit and earthy humour! Crowds of jokes are about—mostly of the low Chaucerian kind. Indeed, one cannot help asking how much this fair has changed since the fourteenth century. Nature then turned out mushrooms, cranberries, crab-apples, oranges, honey, Russian men and women in just about the same cast as she does to-day—and probably even the hand-made chessmen differed little from these on sale now. The world does not change very much.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AN obsolete form of dramatic composition has been engaging the attention of Jeannette Marks in *English Pastoral Drama* (Methuen). The book has two main interests, viz., first the subject-matter and second its treatment. The authoress is an assistant-professor of English literature, and lady professors are not yet so common but that some curiosity may be felt as to the manner in which they acquit themselves in a field hitherto monopolised by Dr. Dry-as-dust. We are afraid that Miss Marks has not altogether avoided the evil ways of her male predecessors. She at least resembles many professors of English literature in writing the English language with "a careless, slipshod grace." Here is one of many examples—it is apparently a simple sentence: "Dishes of apples, nuts and cheese, and many another homely article are introduced." We hope that, in addition to being told about pastoral plays, the students at Mount Holyoke College are taught to avoid sentences like this. If it means "dishes . . . and many other homely articles," why not say so in these words? But if the intended meaning was "Dishes of apples, dishes of nuts, dishes of cheese and dishes of many other articles of food," the method of expression was still inelegant and ambiguous. Words are not used with the fine exactitude which we expect from a professor. "Out of a score of definitions not one can be selected which seems incontrovertible." Usually it is a statement that is controverted; can one controvert a definition? There are few pages without some nice "derangement of epitaphs" such as "the total emphasis . . . was upon precedent . . . rather than upon originality." The use of

"total" in conjunction with "rather" is not academically correct, to say the least of it! A reason for dwelling on this is that so much slipshod and inaccurate English is now used in the daily Press that our only hope for a return to purity and precision lies in the educational centres. And our authoress herself recognises that the theme she has chosen calls for treatment in well-chosen words, since

By no means unimportant is the vocabulary of the pastoral. A certain silver, pellucid quality like the waters of a clear stream makes the words of Theocritus, the words of Tasso, the words of Spenser, exquisitely beautiful. Pan, Diana, Satyrs, Fauns, Lycidas; dells, valleys and streams; oaks and elms and hyacinths; cheese and milk and grapes; wolf and lambs; the pipe or reed, altars, chaplets and ceremonies, all create an atmosphere at once recognised as pastoral and appropriate.

Theocritus may be called the father of the pastoral, and those who cannot read him in the original may do so almost equally well in Mr. Andrew Lang's fine translation. English and Scottish pastoral writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did not mould themselves on Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, but on Virgil, regarded in mediæval Europe as "the flower of all the muses." It is the task of Miss Marks to trace the history of the pastoral from its classic source to the issue of the lyrical ballads. She ploughs laboriously through a field that is for the most part arid. The professional dramatists prostituted the pastoral. Mostly they kept their eyes fixed on the coarser side, using the broad country wit and its unpolished expressions to tickle the jaded appetites of town gallants. It was left to a Scotsman, Allan Ramsay, to produce what is at once the purest and best pastoral in our language. Not far from Manbottle—more than "a few miles from Edinburgh"—the port on the little Kake water is still where the famous washing scene is said to have taken place. It is to Ramsay's credit that at a time when the manner and language of his countrymen were gross he ever produced a play of this kind. The English pastoral play begins practically in the sixteenth century. Shakespeare did not apparently think it worth while to compose a drama altogether of this kind, though that he could have done so is apparent from the scenes of unsurpassed pastoral beauty in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It" and "A Winter's Tale." He knew his shepherd by heart and loved country life. In the "spacious days" there were fewer townsmen, and even those who were "barricaded evermore within the walls of cities" delighted at least to think of the open air. Therefore, in the work of nearly all who lived in or near the period the pastoral element is not omitted. We hear it in George Peele and John Lyly, in Ben Jonson and in "The Faithful Shepherdess." But the period to which Miss Marks devotes herself particularly is from 1650 to 1798, and the first play in the series is "The Thracian Wonder," which is described:

Webster's "Thracian Wonder" forms an interesting link between the traditions of the past pastoral, pseudo-classic, poetic, sensuous and the coming drama, too often a buffoon given to coarse words, prose and contemporary "hits."

The quotation exemplifies the faults of style to which we have referred. It would be interesting to hear the writer parse "buffoon." To follow her painstaking descriptions of the various pastoral plays must prove wearisome. In the concluding chapter there are many statements leading to the inference that she found the work dull. "It is not particularly pleasant," she laments, "to study a phase of literature which, once fresh and undoubtedly attractive, has become old and *roué*." From whatever point of view they are considered she finds that the plays are to be condemned.

If pleasure is the aim of comedy, then the coarse burlesques of this period are a revelation of that in which the people delighted; if correction is the aim of comedy, then these dramatic pastorals absolutely failed, pushed by compulsion from "Love in a Riddle" to "Damon and Phillida."

Throughout the book she insists upon the vulgarity, coarseness, indecency, licentiousness expressed in the plays. Her summing up is as follows:

At their best pastoral plays had idealised love, tenaciously followed an æsthetic ideal, if not a moral one, and displayed a delicate, if conventional, appreciation of nature, and a beauty of language whether in prose or verse. After the Restoration, they rapidly degenerated, they travestied love, their motive was sentimental or farcical, they ignored nature, and used a cheap and tawdry language. The only condition upon which their trifling multiplicity existed, was that they should perish quickly. The century was weary of them, and the farm play, perhaps nourished by the pastoral, was decidedly more to the taste of the public. If the pastoral drama had not been marked for death, then the end of the century, with its new lyric beauty, its Burns, its visionary Blake, its Lyrical Ballads, was the moment when it would have been revived, retouched with life, and not, as it was, cast aside, its poetic beauty utterly dissipated in metre, word and thought. The serious concern of the eighteenth century was, after all, not even literature at its best, and certainly not pastorals; in the driest sermon of the time some honest questioning may be found which indicates at least more intellectual life than the pastoral possessed. Commerce, industrial development, mechanical inventions, deistical questioning, revolutionary theory, political reform, social advance, these were the serious interests of this century.

No doubt these reflections are in the main just. But ample allowance is not made for the manner of the time and the alteration of standards. Miss Marks is if anything too insistent upon the moral lesson. In a celebrated epilogue Shakespeare told us that in comedy the simple aim is but to please. English dramatists have for the greater part avoided seeking for that which was good for doctrine, for correction, for reproof, and history does not require that they should be measured with a moral foot-rule.

MAGNIFICAT.

IT was Christmas Eve and the snow lay thick about the city. In the topmost garret of an old house sat a woman by a dying fire. She was middle-aged and very white and thin, and quite alone in the world. No love of husband or child had come into her struggling, solitary life, yet in her heart was always a great mother-love and her arms still ached for the holding of a child. She had never had a greater desire of human joy than this—to hold a little child of her body to her breast. But the hand of God had shut all way of holy motherhood from her, and she had bowed patiently to His will. Now, as she sat by her fire, a faintness from her long hunger of body and soul fell on her and a mist passed over her eyes. Everything grew dark about her and the last glow of the fire died away. She did not know how long she sat with closed eyes in the darkness, but gradually she was aware of a very soft light, that was not only light but warmth, stealing into the room. She opened her eyes and saw that she was not alone. Standing beside her little bare table was a Lady, very tall and fair and exquisite to look at, gentle as a young girl and stately as a queen. The light shone all about her and on a wonderful blue mantle with which she was covered. As the woman gazed with awe and delight on her, her heart leapt towards her, for in her arms she held a Child, who slept—a Child of such beauty as the woman had never pictured in her wildest dreams of motherhood. The Lady moved a step towards her and smiled, and her smile made the woman think of a still summer night when everything is warm and hushed and the stars are like flowers in the garden of God.

"I am come a long way and am tired," said the Lady, and her voice was like the falling of lovely waters; "hold my Child for me that I may rest."

The woman held out her thin arms with delight, but she was too weak to rise from her chair. The Lady moved to her side, and bending over her laid the sleeping Child in her arms, and herself sat down on the woman's truckle-bed, and it seemed to the woman that her poor bed became a throne as the Lady sat on it, so great was the majesty of her mien. But even as she looked at the lovely vision, the Child stirred in her arms and opened His eyes upon her and stretched His little hands towards her thin, wasted breast. Then the heart of the woman was filled with such rapture that she thought no more of the Lady. She drew the lovely little form closer in her arms and looked into the wonderful eyes. All human joys flooded her soul with a great peace, but as the Child smiled upon her she knew an ecstasy of motherhood beyond all human imagining. The narrow garret was flooded with a light of Heaven and filled with the scents and flowers of Paradise, and suddenly the woman knew Who and What It was that she held in her weak arms. And then it seemed to her that her shrunken body filled to gracious and lovely womanhood and her bowed grey head lifted with

youthful pride and beauty, and she whispered: "Who am I that my Lord and the Mother of my Lord should come unto me?"

And the Lady answered: "Blessed art thou and blessed for evermore shalt thou be."

Then the darkness closed in again on the room and the woman knew no more.

But when the morning came a neighbour looked in at the woman and she still sat by the dead fire and her face was grey as the ashes of it. The neighbour gave a loud cry and the whole house came running together to the garret. But when they came into the presence of the dead woman a great hush fell on them for the peace and glory of her face. And one of them, who was a holy man, said: "Blessed is this our sister for she has looked upon God."

THE HACKNEY.

HACKNEY breeders claim, and their claim can hardly be disputed, that their favourite breed of horses descends in the male line from the Darley Arabian. This proposition admitted, it is evident that in the blood of the modern hackney flows some of the same elements as those which permeated the veins of the famous Eclipse, and which through him have descended to the majority



W. A. Rouch.

IN HIS RIGHT PLACE.

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of the most famous race-horses of the present day. The proof of the descent of the hackney from the Darley Arabian is to be found in the following sequence in tail male: 1, The Darley Arabian (foaled in 1702); 2, Flying Childers (1715); 3, Blaze (1733); 4, Shales (1755); 5, Driver (1765); 6, Fireaway (Jenkinson's,



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READY FOR THE PARK.

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A CHAMPION PONY TANDEM.

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1780); 7, Fireaway (West's, 1800); 8, Fireaway (Burgess's, 1815); 9, Wildfire (1827); 10, Phenomenon (1835); 11, Performer (1840); 12, Sir Charles (1843); 13, Denmark (1862); 14, Danegelt (1879); 15, Ganymede. So far it may be taken as true that the hackney derives some of his excellence as a horse from the same source in the male line of descent as do many of the best of our race-horses, but until a comparatively recent date his female descent was more or less of an unknown quantity. In this connection it may be observed that among all great horse-breeders, both ancient and modern, more value has been attached to the pedigree of the dam than to that of the sire. No one has rendered greater service to the general breeding of horses in England than Sir Walter Gilbey, and hackney-breeders in particular are not slow to recognise that to his efforts they are largely indebted for what we may call the resuscitation of this particular breed of horses. Sir Walter Gilbey himself ascribes the origin of the Norfolk hackney on the dam's side to a breed of Norfolk cart-horses. If this is the true source of their origin, then here in the opinion of the writer lies the inherent source of weakness in the hackney breed. Now if we are to take it that the hackney derives from an Arabian sire and a cart-mare, however good she may have been, it becomes an interesting problem to a student of breeding to know from whence the hackney derives his beautiful action. Arabs, as a rule, are notorious for their want of "action," and it is hardly conceivable that a cart-mare, even of the "Brazil" breed to which Sir Walter Gilbey alludes, can have been descended from animals with sufficient action inherent in their breeding not only to counteract the want of it in the Arab, but to lay the foundation of a breed of horses whose action while it lasts is unequalled in the world. Reference to the tabulated pedigrees of well-known hackneys reveals the fact that the female ancestors were for the most part either unknown or described simply as a "trotting mare," and it is in all probability from these "trotting mares" that the hackney, as we know him, did derive his action. That the thoroughbred horse will improve almost any breed of horses is a well-known fact; the American trotting horse may be quoted as an example, and within the last year or two first-rate trotters have been sired by Common, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger. Before going further into this interesting subject, I would, with all deference, and in the hope of better knowledge, submit my own theory, which is that the modern hackney has no relationship to, or descent from, the old breed of horses of that name, if, indeed, it was a distinct breed. It seems rather to me that when Blaze, the grandson

of the Darley Arabian, went on his rounds as a travelling stallion, sporting farmers and yeomen, or, it may be, the squires of the neighbourhood, sent to him hunting mares, or trotting mares, to get a "bit of blood," and that animals so bred, retaining the action of their dams, and showing increased fire and endurance, became in the process of time the founders of the breed of hackneys of to-day. In support of that contention it may be urged that the purer bred the hackney, or, in other words, the more remote he is from his thoroughbred ancestors, the less he becomes capable of feats of endurance. It is recorded on trustworthy evidence that in the beginning of the nineteenth century, a hackney mare, a granddaughter of old Shales, trotted fifteen miles in the hour with a 15st. rider on her back. Could any modern hackney equal

that performance, or would anyone be found willing to submit himself to such an ordeal as that of riding a hackney for fifteen miles at the top speed? The fact is that the hackney, as we know him, has long since ceased to be regarded as being in any way adapted for use as a riding horse. He has, however, an undeniable claim to be looked upon as being the king of harness horses when it comes to purposes of show and brilliancy of action; and to him also must be ascribed the virtue of being able, better than a horse of any other breed, to arrest faulty action in the mares with which he may be mated. To him also belong the attributes of docility, good constitution and exceptional soundness of wind and limb.

Just as the great Napoleon summed up the qualities necessary in a general as being "De l'audace, de l'audace et



W. A. Rouch.

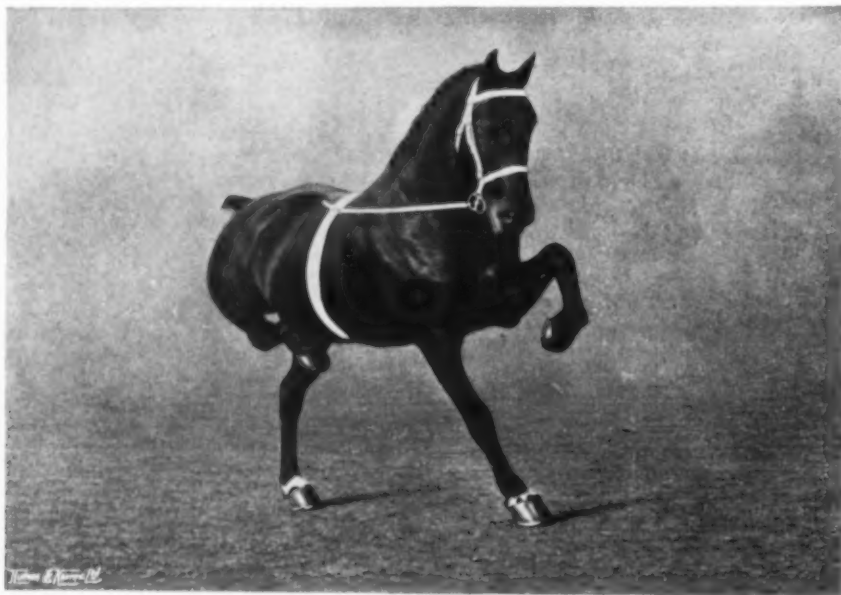
A WELL-MATCHED PAIR.

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encore de l'audace," so what is sought for in a hackney is "action, action, and still more action." But there is a difference in the quality of the action which must be taken into account in the movement of a first-class hackney. There is no horse in the world with such marvellous all-round action as the hackney; but a point that has not seldom been overlooked by judges in the show-ring is the free shoulder action, as distinguished from merely knee action, which should be insisted upon as a distinguishing feature in its movements. Prizes have been awarded to horses which were completely lacking in the quality of "getting away in front"; that is to say, animals whose excessively high knee action resulted in the foot being put down again almost on the same spot from whence it had been raised. Not only does action of this sort show that the movement of the shoulders is faulty, but

it should be remembered that great strain is thrown upon the feet by the direct smash on the ground, and that half of the energy of the horse himself is expended in useless beating of the air, instead of being devoted to the extension of his stride.

The true hackney action—knees, stifles, pasterns, hocks all flexed, and shoulders sent out straight to the front at every stroke—is, indeed, a thing of beauty to the beholder, and the perfectly even, rhythmical swing of the living mechanism can hardly be rivalled by anything in animate Nature. As a *cheval*



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A PIECE OF LIVING MECHANISM.

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de luxe the hackney stands pre-eminent among harness horses, and his powers of imparting action to almost any class of mare with whom he may be mated has caused him to be keenly appreciated by foreign breeders of carriage horses. In France, the hackney stallion has been successfully used for getting animals suited for artillery transport, and it is stated that not only has the stock got by these horses out of the native mares shown the expected improvement in action, but their courage and stamina have also been considerably increased. There is hardly room for doubt that, as an animal suited for getting



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AS A RIDING HORSE.

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what the dealers call "sellers," there is no better sire than a hackney, and it is difficult to understand why, with the material we have at hand in this country, we should be compelled to import the majority of our best carriage horses. There is every reason to believe that the hackney, in common with the thorough-bred, has increased considerably in size in the course of the last century; but there is considerable danger of the breed degenerating if breeders will persist in using overgrown sires. The best type of hackney should not exceed 15h. 2in. in height, and a well-balanced, well-coupled hackney sire

of this size will be found likely to get either first-class carriage horses from mares of his own breed, or good saleable and useful harness horses from mares of other types. T. H. B.

CONVIVIAL CLUBS.

IT has been asserted that the Spartans invented clubs and the English perfected them. Whether this be true or not, there can be no doubt that it was Englishmen who invented the name. The thing itself doubtless sprang into use spontaneously among most sociable peoples. The English have always been noted for the love of good cheer, and London was famous in the Middle Ages for the multitude of its dining-places. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there was a street of cookshops on the Thames-side, where every delicacy of the period was to be obtained by the rich and coarser food in plenty for the poorer people. It has been suggested that the fame of these cookshops caused the inhabitants of London to be nicknamed Cockneys, as one of the etymologies of this much-disputed word relates to the Londoner's love of good cookery. We hear very early in our history of a convivial club established in London. This was a branch of the Fraternity of Le Puy en Velay in Auvergne, branches of which were spread over the districts of Normandy and Picardy. The London Companions of the Pui are supposed to have had their meetings in the Vintry. Their chief was named the Prince, and his installation was carried out with considerable ceremony, in which singing, dancing and feasting formed important parts. The Companions did not confine themselves to their place of meeting, but rode in procession through the City. One of the valuable old manuscripts belonging to

the City of London, known as the "*Liber Customarum*," contains the regulations of the society at the end of the thirteenth century. What is specially remarkable about this interesting document is that the authorities of the *Confrères* of Notre Dame du Puy are of opinion that this copy of rules is at once more full and more ancient than any set of regulations of a similar French fraternity which is known to have survived to our times. We learn that at the feast the Companions were to be served amply with good bread, good ale and good wine, with soup and one course of solid meat; after that "with double roast in a dish" and also with cheese. We thus see that the Companions of the Pui did not do amiss. About the same time—that is, at the beginning of the fourteenth century—Thomas Occleve, the poet and civil servant (he was a clerk in the Privy Seal Office), was a prominent member of a convivial club in the City. He went frequently to Paul's Head Tavern in St. Paul's Churchyard, where he made love to waitresses and others. The dining club he belonged to was the Temple Club, or "The Court of Good Company." Possibly the poets Chaucer and Gower occasionally attended these jovial meetings. Our dining clubs meet now in the evening; but in the olden time much of the afternoon was spent in conviviality. Occleve lived at Chester Inn (on the site of Somerset House), halfway between his club and his office at Westminster. Often, after dinner, instead of going back to his office, he took his pleasure on the Thames, being flattered by the watermen, who fought among themselves for his patronage and called him Master because he paid them well. It is interesting to learn of the doings of men of the world so many years ago; but we find that these were not so very different from those which are popular to-day.

To find further particulars of the convivial clubs of former days we must skip some centuries; not that these habits grew out of fashion, but that they have not been specially recorded. Of course, we must remember that in times of civil war and pestilence and general distress, which were frequent, festivities were out of place. The grand doings at the Mermaid survive in tradition; but we do not know so much about them as we could wish. Francis Beaumont and others who attended these meetings in their prime wrote later of them with sadness as things of

the past, and a faint echo remains to us in the charming lines of Keats :

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?

On the whole this is well, for some of those who have tried to tell us what was said at "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" have ended by recording some very poor stuff. Beaumont says that, so nimble were the words and so full of subtle flame, it seemed as if emulation made each brother put his whole wit in a jest, resolved to live a fool for the rest of his dull life. The Mermaid Tavern in Cheapside had an opening both in Bread Street and Friday Street. From the mention of it in the first draft of "Every Man in His Humour" (1601), it may be inferred that Ben Jonson was a frequenter of the tavern before the famous club, consisting of Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Carew, Donne, Selden and others, was established by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1603. We come into a fuller light in respect to the Apollo Club, held at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, where Ben Jonson "ruled the roast" among "his noisy sons"; for we have his "Leges Conviviales" in classical Latin, and a "Welcome" in English verse was placed over the entrance door. One of the most curious, but also the most short lived, of the seventeenth century associations was the Rota Club, founded by James Harrington, who, in the unsettled times after the death of Cromwell, seems to have thought that it was possible to establish in this country the principles of government preached

in his great work entitled "Oceana"; but the political action of General Monk put a complete stop to these designs. Harrington succeeded in gathering about him many men of mark who felt an interest in political discussion; but only a few of them can be considered as convinced Republicans. His two chief objects were the adoption of election by ballot and rotation in balloting for Parliament, so that a third part of the House should be elected each year. We learn much of the history of this club from the Diary of Pepys, who was a member, and from the "Lives" of Aubrey, who was what he calls an auditor. The reader may naturally ask what all this has to do with convivial clubs. The answer is that it was a meeting of men whose meal was washed down by coffee in place of wine. It presents an early use of this beverage, and the popular name of the association was the Coffee Club. The meetings were held at the Turk's Head in New Palace Yard, and the members sat at a large oval table with a passage in the middle, which enabled Miles, the host, to deliver his coffee from the inside of the table. The clubs of these times were largely political, and it is often difficult to obtain trustworthy accounts of their doings, because opponents of each did not scruple to tell lies of the others. Calves' Head Clubs, whose ritual made fun of the faith of the Cavaliers, were frequent. The Fountain Tavern in the Strand was the resort of the Royal party in 1685, of the Non jurors in the reign of George I. and of the Whigs who opposed Walpole in the reign of George II.; but Lord Carteret kept aloof from the Fountain Club, and refused to attend, because "he never dined at a tavern."

H. B. WHEATLEY.

THE POTTER'S CLAY.

IT is hardly to be hoped that we shall ever make our British pottery-moulding as picturesque an affair as it is in the East, where the process has lent such a rich store of metaphor to the poets. We have no Oriental colour in our skies, and the costumes of the workers are not in themselves beautiful. For all that, there is a certain fascination about this ancient handicraft, even under our own grey clouds, which sets it rather apart from the ordinary toil of the hand. There is much room herein for the exercise of the moulder's sense of beauty of line, although, as a common rule, the patterns are stereotyped. There are still, however, places where the artistic possibilities of the craft are studied, as, for example, in Mr. Wemyss's Fifeshire potteries, and in the work done under the inspiration of Mrs. G. F. Watts. These possibilities are almost unlimited, and, just as Mrs. Amos Lyde studies the form of ironwork in Italy and reproduces it in the village workshops of Thornham, so Mr. Wemyss goes to Italy for the patterns of much of the ware which is made under his instruction. And what is done in the places mentioned may be done in very many more where the potter's art is still practised. The places are, of course, limited, because pottery depends for its raw material on the presence of clay, and this is not ubiquitous. Probably, however, there are still more



M. C. Fair.

THE FIRING KILN.

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of the old-fashioned mills scattered up and down the countryside than most folks know. There are many situations besides where the industry could be followed with advantage, both pecuniary and educational, to the villagers.

Generally speaking, the products of these clay mills and firing kilns are flower pots, pie-dishes, honey-pots and the like, for the supply of adjacent market towns, and from, at least, one such pottery—in the north-west of Cumberland—a few of these articles are exported to Ireland. The aspect of the clay mill itself is no more beautiful than such heterogeneous constructions are apt to be; but the firing kiln, with its caplike top, has a distinction almost beautiful. It is when we arrive at the interior of the manufactory, however, that the really attractive features appear. There are the scales in which a workman weighs out the exact amount of clay which will be required for the making of any particular utensil; but before the clay has been brought to the state in which it is fit for working up into such a use it has to undergo certain processes, among which one of the most important is a severe pounding with a heavy mallet in order to get it into the right cohesive



M. C. Fair.

THE CLAY MILL.

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condition. Then the actually formative process is done on the potter's wheel. This wheel is in reality a swiftly revolving horizontal table, driven by a boy who turns a crank. On the table the master potter places his lump of clay, already milled, weighed out in the right size and kneaded, and worked up with hot water to the proper consistency; and then, on the revolving table, under the skilful manipulation of the potter's thumb and fingers, the formless lump very rapidly assumes the shape of flower-pot, milk-jug or whatever it may be that he designs to fashion. There it is then, of the form required, but at present still of the unmer colour in which it emerged from the ground. It is left for a while to harden, and then follow the processes of firing and glazing. For the firing the pots are put on ledges in the kiln and covered in with "chocks." When the firing is completed, the kiln is "broken," as it is called, the "chocks" are removed and the pots taken from the shelves.



THE POTTER'S WHEEL.

We have referred to some little exports to Ireland of the homely productions of a British pottery, but, of course, the traffic does not amount to very much. The value of the articles is so small that in no case could it pay to export them to any distance. There is a very large export trade from the town of Fowey in Cornwall of the fine white clay which is found in the interior of the county; but that is an export of the raw material only, and of finer substance than finds its way to our ordinary kilns. You may see many large vessels lying there at a time awaiting their cargo of clay for shipment to other lands. What our own potteries might be the better for is something in the way of import, rather than export: of import of more graceful designs for the homely articles. The designs do not need to be elaborate, for elaboration is, as a rule, the enemy of beauty; but more pleasing lines might be given with no greater trouble to the designer.

In the final process of all, that of the glazing, we have already done much in the way of importation of ideas from foreign countries, and especially from those Far Eastern lands which are still the native home of beautiful pottery. The secret of the flaming Chinese red colour of glaze, known by the ferocious name of *sang de bœuf*, has been rediscovered in the West and used in finer pottery-work than is produced from most of these country kilns. Then the very titles of some novels much

before the public at the moment — "Joseph Vance" and "Somehow Good" — remind us by association of their author, Mr. W. de Morgan, who was a cunning worker in this handicraft of the adornment of the pot and the discoverer of a very lustrous glaze. All this, however, is a story about the middle of the last century. Later taste has not admired so much brilliancy of glaze, and our village potteries may be content with less splendid effects. But even with the most "common clay" and the smallest

amount of decoration in design or hue, we still may find an opportunity to educate the taste of villagers and give them visions of beautiful forms. It would be none the less possible for these industries to be made financially self-supporting if they produced things of beauty. It is one of the best signs of the times in this regard that the appreciation of good lines and proportion does progress, so that the reputation of Great Britain for her lack of taste is gradually being diminished, and the worker who can produce things which are artistically good may receive his reward.



PACKED READY FOR FIRING.

COUNTRY LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

AMONG the archives of the Sussex Archaeological Society is a paper contributed to its collections in the year 1859, dealing with the diaries of one Thomas Turner, who carried on the business of a general shopkeeper at East Hothly in the later years of the reign of George II. and the beginning of that of George III. A peculiar interest attaches to these diaries from the light they throw upon the manners and customs of the rural communities of those days, and from the frankness of their self-revelation, in which respect

Turner may almost claim equality with the prince of diarists, the famous Samuel Pepys himself. It is difficult in these days of easy and quick travel to realise the isolation of towns and villages within even a moderate distance of the metropolis. Sussex seems to have enjoyed exceptional notoriety for ill-drained country and bad roads, for not many years before the time of Thomas Turner, William Cowper, who was afterwards Lord



M. C. Fair.

THE POTTER'S SCALES.

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Chancellor, writing to his wife when he was on circuit, complained that "the Sussex ways are bad and ruinous beyond imagination. I vow," he says, "'tis a melancholy consideration that mankind will inhabit such a heap of dirt for a poor livelihood." Matters were not improved materially fifty years later, for East Hothly, when Turner set up business there, formed the centre of a district bounded on one side by the sea and on the other by a swampy, ill-drained land, intersected by almost impassable roads.

Thomas Turner is said to have been a man of good family in the County of Kent, and his education and tastes were certainly much in advance of those of most of his contemporaries in the same station of life. The business that he carried on was that of a mercer, which practically included everything. The old Sussex mercer was, indeed, the fore-runner of the "Stores" and "Universal Providers" of later days. He dealt in everything, from a flat-iron to a coffin; he was grocer, draper, haberdasher, druggist, ironmonger, stationer, undertaker, etc., with which multifarious callings he included some of a public character. That he was a well-read man and catholic in his literary tastes is apparent from the list of books which he mentions in his diary as having been read by him in the course of a few weeks. These include Gay's Poems, "The Whole Duty of Man," "Othello," "Paradise Lost," Tillotson's Sermons, "Peregrine Pickle," Young's "Night Thoughts," Thomson's "Seasons," etc. It was a hard-drinking age, and notwithstanding his religious reading, our good Thomas drank as hard as any of his neighbours; and while he was perfectly frank about his misdoings, he seems ever to have an eye upon the possible future readers of his lucubrations, for his overnight debauch was always made the text of a moral discourse the next morning, the fervour of which seems to have been in exact proportion to the severity of the next day's headache.

One of the early entries in the diary refers to his carrying down "some shaggs for a pair of breeches for Mr. Porter." The Rev. Richard Porter, M.A., had been inducted to the living of East Hothly in 1742. He was a man of learning, and was author of "A Translation from Longinus of Sappho," which he had anew translated in Sapphic verse, to the sound, time and metre of the original Greek. With regard to the parson's breeches, it appears that in East Hothly there existed a special provision for the maintenance of these necessary items of the clerical attire. Some generations before, a wealthy and benevolent lady in the parish having been scandalised by the unseemly state of disrepair of her pastor's nether garments, presented him and his successors for ever with a piece of woodland, attached to the glebe, the income from which was to be devoted to the repair and renewal of the vicar's garments. Probably the Rev. Richard Porter stood less in need of the help of the "Breeches Wood," as it was called, than many of his predecessors, since his wife was daughter and co-heiress of a Yorkshire gentleman of fortune. When she first came to East Hothly Mrs. Porter seems to have been inclined to give herself airs of superiority, and once at least she offended Mr. Turner mightily:

This day (he writes) I went to Mr. Porter's to inform him that the livery lace was not come, when I think Mrs. Porter treated me with as much imperious and scornful usage as if she had been, what I think she is, more of a Turk and infidel than a Christian, and I an abject slave.

It is satisfactory to know that the lady unbent later on, and indeed went to extraordinary lengths of affability, as will appear from an entry in the early part of the following year:

This morning, about six o'clock, just as my wife was got to bed, we were awaked by Mrs. Porter, who pretended she wanted some cream of tartar; but as soon as my wife got out of bed, she vowed she should come down. She found Mr. Porter, Mr. Fuller and his wife, with a lighted candle and part of a bottle of wine and a glass. The next thing was to have me downstairs, which, being apprised of, I fastened my door. Upstairs they came, and threatened to break it open; so I ordered the boys to open it, when they poured into my room, and, as modesty forbade me to get out of bed, so I refrained; but their immodesty permitted them to draw me out of bed, as the common phrase is, topsy turvey; but, however, at the intercession of Mr. Porter they gave me time to put on my wife's petticoats; and in this manner they made me dance, without shoes and stockings, until they had emptied the bottle of wine and also a bottle of my beer. About three o'clock in the afternoon they found their way to their respective homes, beginning to be a little serious, and, in my opinion, ashamed of their stupid enterprise and drunken preambulation. Now, let anyone call in reason to his assistance and seriously reflect on what I have before recited, and they will join with me in thinking that the precepts delivered from the pulpit on Sunday, though delivered with the greatest ardour must lose a great deal of their efficacy by such examples.

On the following Sunday Mr. Porter seems to have delivered an eloquent sermon against swearing. Bad language he drew the line at, but mere intoxication he called "innocent mirth; but I, in opinion," says the moral Turner, "differ much therefrom." Lest it be supposed that there was anything very unclerical in the behaviour of Mr. Porter, according to the customs of his time, it may be well to quote here an entry of a later date:

Mr. —, the curate of Laughton, came to the shop in the forenoon, and he, having bought some things of me (and I could wish he had paid for them),

dined with me, and also staid in the afternoon till he got in liquor, and being so complaisant as to keep him company, I was quite drunk. How I do detest myself for being so foolish.

Like many other respectable persons, Thomas Turner regarded church-going as sufficient cloak for many irregularities of conduct. He did not always attend church, but he was always severe upon himself for the omission. One Sunday he writes:

I was at home all day, but not at church. Oh! fye! no just reason for not being there.

Turner's pious ejaculations add much to the humour of his narrative:

December 25th — This being Christmas Day, myself and wife at church in the morning. We stayed the Communion; my wife gave 6d.; but they not asking me, I gave nothing. Oh! may we increase in faith and good works, and maintain the good intentions we have taken up.

The Turners's matrimonial quarrels continued to be frequent, and reconciliations followed close upon them. On one occasion, having taken the sacrament together, he and his wife resolved "to forsake their sins and to become better Christians and live in peace." Thomas Davey happening to drop in the same evening, Mr. Turner read him six of Tillotson's sermons, which seems to have been rather hard on Thomas Davey. We hear incidentally of Thomas Davey at a later date, and learn with regret that he apparently benefited little by his severe course of Tillotson:

The wife of Thos. Davey was this day delivered of a girl, after being married only six months; two people whom I should the least have suspected of so indiscreet an act. How careful should we be of ourselves in this particular.

Mr. Turner's experiences as overseer and churchwarden throw an interesting light upon the conduct of parish business in those days. It was the custom for parish officers to leave church during the service and pay surprise visits to the public-houses. Thus:

As soon as prayers were over, Mr. French and I went and searched the public-houses. At Francis Turner's we found a man and his wife; they seemed a very sober sort of people, and not a-drinking, so we did not meddle with them.

Very instructive is the account of the way in which an undesirable parishioner was got rid of:

I went to the publick vestry. It was the unanimous consent of all present to give to Tho. Daw, upon condition that he should buy the house in the parish of Waldron, for which he hath been treating, by reason that he would then be an inhabitant of Waldron, and clear of our parish, halfe a tun of iron £10; a chaldron of coals &c. £2; in cash £8; and find him the sum of £20, for which he is to pay interest, for to buy the said house; a fine present for a man that has already about £80, but yet I believe it is a very prudent step in the parish, for he being a man with but one leg, and very contrary withall, and his wife being entirely deprived of that great blessing, eyesight, there is great room to suspect there would, one time or other, happen a great charge to the parish, there being a very increasing family; and I doubt the man is none of the most prudent, he having followed smuggling very much in time past, which has brought him into a trifling way of life.

On another occasion a vestry was called in the churchyard one Sunday after service to determine whether the sum of six guineas should be lent out of the parish funds to Francis Turner to enable him to pay a debt for which he was threatened with arrest on the Monday. The meeting was unanimous in the decision that Francis should have the money, which was neighbourly, if, to us, it may appear irregular.

Recruiting for the Navy was a simple process then. "Master Hooke and myself," Turner writes, "went and searched John Jones's and Prawle's" (probably two ale-houses) "in order to see if there were any disorderly fellows, that he might have them to the setting to-morrow in order to send them to sea. We found none that we thought proper to send."

The practice of limiting the time of an auction by the burning of a candle obtained at that time. In 1756 Turner attended the sale of some property at Lewes. The candle was lighted at four o'clock, and burned until eight—four hours being spent in the disposal of property worth £420. Trade was bad that year. He exclaims against the dearth of all provisions, wheat being 10s. a bushel, barley 5s., beef 2s. a stone, mutton 3d. a pound:

Oh! how dull is trade, how very scarce is money. Never did I know so bad a time before. What shall I do? Work I cannot, and honest I will be, if the Almighty will give me grace.

These complaints about the "melancholy times" are often repeated during this and the following year, although they do not seem to have interfered with the frequent jollifications which were indulged in with as much vigour and as little propriety as ever:

Our diversion was dancing or jumping about, without a violin or any musick, singing of foolish healths, and drinking all the time as fast as it could be poured down; and the parson of the parish was one among the mixed multitude. . . . I am always very uneasy at such behaviour, thinking it not like the behaviour of the primitive Christians.

In June, 1761, Turner lost his wife. Poor Peggy's contrary ways were at once forgotten. Like "the incomparable Mr. Young," he cries, "let them whoever lost an angel pity me." He even cheats himself into the belief that they lived a life together of undisturbed harmony, and in moralising over his future tipsy bouts, he even ventures to suggest that he led a more regular life in "dear Peggy's" time. Two years after his wife's death the gossips of East Hothly were busy with rumours of his second marriage, the effects of which suggestions are amusingly apparent in his diary. To his first denials of the possibility of such an event follows an assurance that he had not made any resolution to live single. Soon he discovers that "for want of the company of the softer sex I have become extremely awkward, and a certain roughness of disposition has seized on my mind." The upshot was that Mr. Turner was induced to pay his addresses to Molly Hicks, the daughter of a substantial yeoman at Chiddingfold. Thomas was no rapturous lover, and his diary entry after having gone through the ceremony of "sitting up" with the fair Molly is more sarcastic than impassioned:

It being an excessive wet and windy night, I had the opportunity, sure I should say the pleasure, or, perhaps, some might say the unspeakable happiness, to set up with Molly Hicks, or my charmer, all night. I came home at forty minutes past five in the morning—I must not say fatigued; no,

no that could not be; it could only be a little sleepy for want of rest. Well, to be sure she is a most clever girl; but to be serious in the affair, I certainly esteem the girl and think she appears worthy of my esteem.

He was under no illusions as to the lady's attractions, and even admitted her virtues with caution:

The girl, I believe, as far as I can discover, is a very industrious, sober woman, and seemingly endowed with prudence and good-nature. As to her person, I know it is plain (so is my own), but she is cleanly in her person and dress, which is something more than at first sight it may appear to be towards happiness.

They were married on June 19th, 1765, and the event was briefly recorded on July 3rd:

Thank God, I begin once more to be a little settled and am happy in my choice. I have, it is true, not married a learned lady, nor is she a gay one; but I trust she is good-natured. As to her fortune, I shall one day have something considerable, and there seems to be rather a flowing stream. Well, here let us drop the subject and begin a new one.

As this is the last entry in the diary, and no new subject was ever begun, it is possible that the second Mrs. Turner may have chanced upon some of these indiscreet outpourings and have expressed her opinion about diary keeping with a vigour that ensured its discontinuance.

CHARLES COOPER.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE PRIMROSES.

IT is Primrose-time; the pale yellow flowers are appearing in copses and woodland, peeping, half-defiant, half-afraid, from the sheltering moss and crisp brown coverlet of withered leaves. But it is not our winsome spring flower of which I am thinking; rather of the Primroses from over the seas which may be grown in pots in the "Alpine" house, wherein the beautiful species and varieties may be enjoyed without discomfort. I think such a house as the modest little structure in the Royal Gardens, Kew, brings the fulness of spring to our very laps while winter still lingers. The illustrations suggest this—tufts of leaves flooded with flowers and unsullied by the winds, rains and frosts which we have recently experienced. There we may enjoy the *Auricula*, saturated with the sweetest of scents, *Primula capitata*, *clusiana*, *cortusoides*, *pedemontana*, *frondosa*, *denticulata*, *erosa*, the Bird's-eye Primrose (*P. farinosa*), *marginata*, *megas-foia*, *minima*, the Himalayan *P. rosea*, *Stuartii* and *viscosa*. All these are easily grown in shallow pans or in pots, but pans are more appropriate, as in these it



ALPINE PRIMROSE IN ROCK GARDEN.

is possible to have larger tufts and, therefore, more abundant blossoming. But soon we shall

leave the alpine house and revel in the Primrose outdoors, the Bunch Primroses raised by Miss Jekyll, and now being distributed by Messrs. Sutton and Sons of Reading, and the other "strains," to use a common term, or groups, which give bright and pleasing colour to the garden at this season. The Bunch Primroses are of great garden value; they bloom later than the true Primroses, and revel in the half-shade of the woodland. Such a group, for example, as that raised by Miss Jekyll has flowers in profusion, and kept exclusively to whites and yellows, while others have strong shades of crimson and red. The true "Bunch" Primrose develops flowers in clusters or bunches, and the individual bloom is large, without any suggestion of coarseness, and beautiful in colouring. The individual blooms of the Munstead strain are 1½ in. across, but a number have reached 2 in. Size, however, in this group has not been so much considered as the plant all round—a beautiful thing in the garden;



F. Mason Good.

ROSA BRUNONIS.

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and the old florists' distinction of pin-eye or thrum-eye is entirely disregarded—it has nothing to do with garden merit.

After the flowering of the native Primrose and the species of *Primula*, we welcome the Japanese Primrose (*Primula japonica*), which is not only easily grown in pots or the greenhouse or conservatory, but thrives in the woodland, becoming in a sense naturalised, through self-sown seed. I well remember a clearing in a wood. Our native Primrose shed a soft yellow cloud of colour over the rough surface under the trees in April, and in May the Japanese Primrose was quite prepared to assert itself in a more aggressive way. The soil was moist, and in the half-shade, with the sun glinting through the tree branches in summer, this Primrose from Japan sent out big Lettuce-like leaves, not beautiful, but eclipsed by the strong stems holding tiers of flowers of beautiful colours—crimson, white with salmon centre, purple and many other shades. I never tire of this shimmering glow of colour in the late spring from the Japanese Primrose, which has become as much a wildling as the pale Primrose of the adjoining copse.

A Primrose, from the Himalayas, which delights in boggy soil is *Primula rosea*. It is the flower for the bog garden, wherein one may grow the Japan Irises, the rarer Marsh Marigolds and other flowers which love to have their feet in a moist soil; but *P. rosea* is brighter than almost any of its race; the flowers vary in colour, but it is seldom that a poor shade is noticeable. I have grown many plants and found they have increased satisfactorily, although not to the same extent as *P. japonica*. Few groups of flowers are more interesting than the Primrose, and, as one authority says, few contain more well-known and popular garden plants. It contains such homely flowers as the Cowslip, the Polyanthus and the Auricula. It is extensive, embracing 208 species, most of which occur in the temperate regions of the Old World. More than half of this number are found in the Himalayas and on the Chinese mountain ranges; so this region is evidently the headquarters of the *Primula* family. In Europe some thirty-one species are found, while the rest are spread over Western, Central and Northern Asia, excepting ten found in Japan and seven in North America. With very few exceptions all the various species are hardy in this country, and although the conditions under which they are found in their native habitats must be of a widely divergent nature, it is possible to grow successfully under practically the same conditions plants whose homes are in China, Japan, the Himalayas, Siberia, Switzerland and California. C.

ROSE PRUNING.

THE wild Rose produces new growth from the base of the plants annually, and in a few years a dense bush is produced, which, however much admired in the hedgerow or wild garden, would be entirely out of place in the garden. By judicious pruning the plant is not only brought into good shape, but, owing to the free admission of sun and air, healthy growth is followed by very fine flowers. It should be remembered that the harder the pruning the stronger will be the growth; therefore weakly varieties are cut back hard, medium growers moderately, and the unripened ends of the shoots removed on the stronger growers. This latter is the best class for pillars, or for pegging down. If they were hard pruned the result would be more strong shoots, but few, if any, flowers. This applies to such varieties as *Gloire de Dijon*, *Grüss an Teplitz*, *Rêve d'Or* and such rarer Roses as *Rosa Brunonis*. Roses of weaker growth, of which *Mme. Laurette Messimy* may be taken as an example, should be cut hard back, leaving only two buds at the base of each strong shoot, and all the weak shoots from the base of the old plants of this class should be entirely removed. The majority of the Hybrid Tea Roses give better results when hard pruning is resorted to, except in the case of varieties of a half-climbing habit, such as *Gloire Lyonnaise* and *Grüss an Teplitz*, which are suitable for pegging or for pillars. All small unripened growth on Tea-scented Roses should be entirely cut away and the stronger shoots shortened back to a good plump bud. If this class is neglected in the matter of pruning a quantity of small shoots are made, which

fail entirely to give satisfactory results; but with careful pruning and attention respecting their cultural requirements, beautiful Roses may be produced. The middle of April is early enough for pruning Tea Roses. Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas may be pruned in March. Rose pruning is much better understood in these days than was previously the case, but one may occasionally see a very bad example even now. It appears to be the idea of some that so long as the Rose tree or bush is cut into a uniform shape, that is all that is necessary. Owing to this mistake we sometimes see the shoots, both large and small, cut back all alike, reminding one of clipping a hedge. The result of this treatment is the production of sickly foliage, which quickly falls a prey to disease, and if any flowers are produced they are very poor.

PLANTING LILIES.

Autumn is undoubtedly the best time to plant Lilies, but spring is also appropriate. There seems to be some mystery in the cultivation of this beautiful race, and certain kinds are troublesome; but many others, the Tiger and the Orange Lilies in particular, repay us by glowing with colour, the one in the autumn and the other in the early days of summer. The question of soil is an important one, and better advice cannot be offered than in "Lilies for English Gardens," in which lists are given of the sorts best adapted for certain conditions. It is there mentioned that it is not usual for more than four or five kinds of Lilies to do well in the ordinary soil of any one garden. This is scarcely to be wondered at when one thinks of the enormous geographical distribution of these plants. All the known Lilies are natives of the Northern Hemisphere, and virtually within the temperate zone; any that occur within the Tropic of Cancer are in mountainous places, at an elevation of some thousands of feet. They extend from Japan in the East to the Western States of America, and as they grow in every variety of soil and situation it stands to reason that the conditions offered by any one garden are not likely to suit a large number of species. The following list will approximately show the likings of the kinds we have to deal with. Good average garden soil, or a mixture of medium loam and leaf soil, will suit Lilies *Batemanii*, *candidum*, *chalcidonicum*, *concolor*, *croceum*, *coridion*, *elegans*, *Hansonii*, *Henryi*, *longiflorum*, *Martagon*, *pyrenaicum*, *pomponium*, *speciosum*, *szovitzianum*, *tenuifolium*, *testaceum* and *tigrinum*. These, therefore, may be regarded as Lilies for every garden except those that are of a very light, sandy peat, and even in these

croceum, *tigrinum*, *Henryi*, *Brownii* and *rubellum* will do very well. The Lilies that prefer a stiffer soil and will do in it as well as in the average soil are *candidum*, *chalcidonicum*, *giganteum*, *Humboldtii*, *Kraueri*, *Leichtlinii*, *Lowii*, *Martagon*, *neilgherrense*, *nepalense*, *pomponium*, *szovitzianum*, *sulphureum*, *testaceum* and *Washingtonianum*. Those that like peat and moisture are *canadense*, *Grayi*, *pardalinum*, *Parryi*, *philadelphicum*, *superbum*, *Wallacei* and *auratum*. *Lowii*, *neilgherrense*, *nepalense* and *sulphureum* are

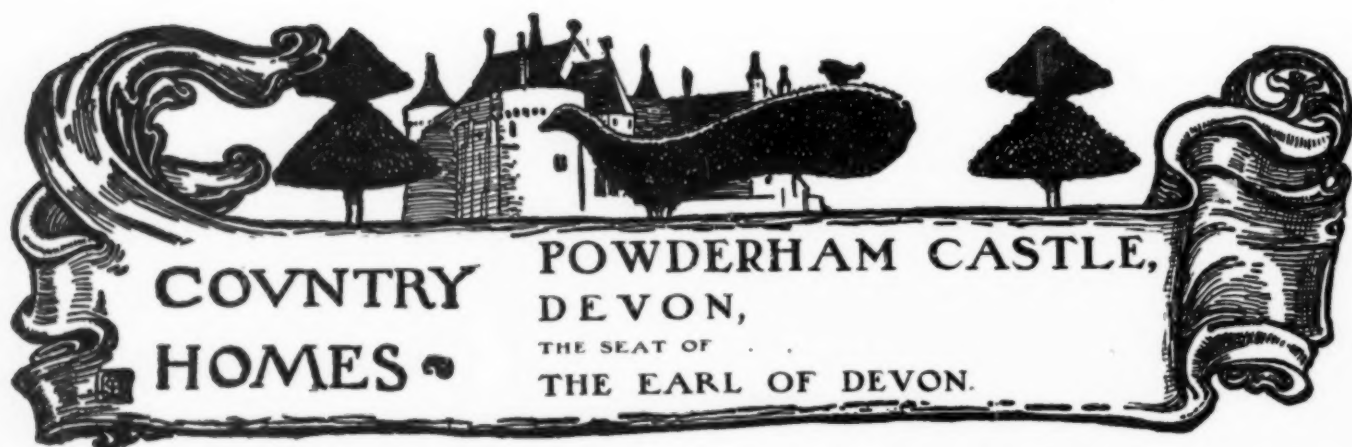


A BOUNTEOUS PLANT.

tender and require house culture, except in quite the South of England. With regard to Lilies as town plants it is mentioned that there is no better sort than the grand *Lilium croceum*. It seems to bear its well-filled heads of great orange cups as willingly in a London square as in a country garden, while the leaves show by their deep green colour, and the whole plant by its robust health and vigour, how little it cares about those conditions of town life that are so surely fatal to many plants.

THE NETTED IRIS.

It is a pleasure to find an increasing love for this flower of the early year, the Netted Iris, or *I. reticulata*, which is a bulb to grow either in a pot in the greenhouse or even in a room and in the open garden. We were delighted to see several pots of it recently in a cottage window, five bulbs to each 5 in. pot, which is the correct number for this size. It is one of the easiest bulbs to grow in this form, and the wondrous beauty of the flowers, a rich deep violet, as deep as the Violet of the hedge-bush, and delicious fragrance also of the wayside wildling, make a lasting impression upon all who see it for the first time. The bulbs are now reasonable in price, so that a number may be planted without a serious inroad on the purse. As to its value in the garden, the following notes are from one who has planted it in quantity for cutting: "I planted the bulb in large groups in the hardy plant border, which is well drained and faces south. The only attention they receive consists in clearing off the old foliage in autumn, forking off the top soil and adding some old potting material. In March I counted on a plant 2 ft. across, sixty to seventy flowers, either open or opening, and many more to follow. The foliage with us attains a height of 2 ft. and the flowers are strong in proportion. It has often puzzled me why gardeners who need a lot of cut flowers do not grow it, considering the quantity of lovely flowers to be had from good plants." The whole of this group teems with exquisite flowers—*Heldreichii*, *bakeriana*, *Histrio*, *histrioides* and many others we could name, all available for the same uses as *reticulata*.



WHOEVER travels by Great Western beyond Exeter knows something of Powderham. Its great and nobly timbered park nestles under the Haldon range and stretches down to the estuary of the Exe, or, rather, is, in these later days, cut off from the estuary by the embankment on which runs modern road and rail. In Leland's time little creeks of the estuary, then called the Haven, ran up towards the castle and were introduced into the latter's system of defence. "It stondith on the Haven shore a litle above Kenton. Sum say that a Lady being a Widow buildid this Castelle: it is strong and hath a Barbican or Bulwark to bete the Haven." The widow Leland heard about, and thinks was Isabella de Fortibus, was by no means its builder, or even its possessor, though it eventually came to the family who were her heirs. William of Eu is the reputed founder of Powderham, but after William Rufus deprived him of his possessions and his sight, it came into the hands of those who took their surname from it. As Sir William Pole (who made manuscript Collections towards a "Description of Devonshire" before his death in 1635) puts it: "Powderham belonged sometyne unto y^e name and alter unto Humfrey de Bohun Erle of Hereford and Essex by escheat; from whom it came unto Hugh Courtenay Earl of Devon and Margēt his wief, daughter of the said Humphrey, and by them conveyed unto Sir Phillip their 4 sonne, where hee and his posterity have seated themselves unto these dayes." A perfectly correct description, and even, in its last phrase, true at the present time,

since the present Earl of Devon is the male heir of the first Courtenay who held the Devon Earldom, although many of his intervening ancestors never bore the title of Earl. Under Henry I., Richard de Redvers, whose parentage is obscure, helped the King against his brother, Duke Robert of Normandy, and became Earl of Devon ere he died in 1107. The eighth Earl of this line died childless in 1246, and was succeeded by his sister Isabella, who had wedded William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle. During most of her long widowhood she was known as Countess of Devon, and when she died, in 1293, her heir was Hugh Courtenay, Lord of Okehampton, whose great-grandmother had been the sixth Earl's daughter. Forty years later he was called to Parliament by writ as Earl of Devon, and it was his son who married the lady whose dower was Powderham. Humphrey de Bohun, fourth Earl of Hereford, married—when she was the widow of the Count of Holland—Lady Eleanor Plantagenet, eighth daughter of Edward I., and received many grants of lands, being much in favour until he joined the rebellion of the Earl of Lancaster, and was slain at Burroughbridge in 1322. This accounts for his obtaining Powderham from the Crown, after its escheat from its former owners, and it was a most conveniently situated dower for his second daughter when she married Hugh Courtenay. By him she had nine daughters and eight sons. Of the latter it was the sixth who became Sir Philip Courtenay of Powderham, the Earldom continuing to his elder brothers and their descendants. They dwelt, however, in times most dangerous to great men, and first the War of the



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THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Roses and then Tudor suspicions took heavy toll of them. One was beheaded after Towton and another killed at Tewkesbury. Their ranks had been so far thinned that the next heir was but one step senior to the Powderham branch. This was Edward Courtenay, whom Henry VII. made Earl of Devon after Bosworth, but whose son, who, like the King himself, had married a daughter of Edward IV., was attainted and thrown into prison. Thence, Henry VIII. brought him out and restored

free from the suspicion of being concerned in the Wyatt rebellion. He was at first imprisoned and then allowed to go overseas. He died in Italy still a bachelor.

This event gave the Powderham branch the seniority, but it did not occur to them to claim the title, so many times forfeited by attainders and now lapsing through Edward's death without heirs male of his body. No one at that time noticed that the last three words of this phrase had been omitted in his patent,



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THE STAIRCASE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

him in blood and title, while his son he created Marquess of Exeter. The Marquess remained a prime favourite till the policy of Thomas Cromwell displeased him and drove him into the party of those other cousins of the Royal House, the Poles. He lost his head on Tower Green in consequence, but left a boy, Edward Courtenay, who became the friend and almost the prospective husband of Queen Mary Tudor. She recreated the Devon Earldom on his behalf, but the good-looking, self-willed young man showed preference for the Princess Elizabeth, and was not

and that cousin William of Powderham, being his legal heir male, might claim the title. That was an idea that did not cross anyone's mind for two and a-half centuries, when it led to a *cause célèbre* and a revival of the Earldom. The Powderham branch never took any prominent part in public affairs. Of them there are no treasons or attainders to record in the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, and not even delinquencies or sequestrations in the seventeenth. The first Sir William to attain to the headship of the family appears to have been slain at

the siege of St. Quentin a few months after the death of Earl Edward gave him that position. His grandson was one of the undertakers for planting Ireland in James I.'s reign, and planted himself on the estates which his descendant still holds in that country. In the Civil Wars we have a Sir William who is

the Parliamentarians in 1646, when it was surrendered with eighteen pieces of ordnance to Sir Hardress Waller. Yet not even its defensive character seems to have been then destroyed, and there is no surviving trace of any important work of rebuilding or even of redecorating undertaken after the Restoration

by Sir William, who lived on to see Queen Anne upon the throne, unless it be the mantel-piece in the State bedroom, which used to be flanked by very fine bookcases of the same design, which are now in the ante-room to the libraries. It was not until after his grandson, the third baronet, succeeded in 1735 that Powderham began to put on the habit it now wears. He married a daughter of the Earl of Aylesford, and the arms and supporters of the two families are represented in the heraldic achievement which occupies the panel over the doorway at the foot of the staircase, as seen in our illustration. This staircase hall, in both its wood and its plaster work, is an exceedingly fine example of the style of its age, the date 1755 appearing below the shield. The carved ends of the treads and the twisted balusters have much refinement, while the whole of the elaborate plaster enrichment of walls and ceilings exhibits great boldness and originality of design. There is a strong taste of the exaggerated Chinese type of Louis XV. motifs which Chippendale was at this time using in his mantel and wall mirror frames, and yet there is a preponderance of that English classic style which began with Wren and ended with Kent, and was so much fuller and richer in treatment than the restrained and cold developments which Chambers and the Adam brothers introduced very soon after the Powderham work was finished. The garlanded and ribboned compositions which occupy the inter-panels paces on the upper part of the staircase, and which include implements of war and peace, of art and science, prove themselves, by the arrangement of the designs and the high relief of the execution, to be belated examples of the decorative style of Grinling Gibbons. To the same period belongs the decoration of the double library, whose ceilings are of excellent but normal English Louis XV. type, while the marble chimney-pieces and steel grates and fenders are of admirable eighteenth century workmanship. The plan of creating suites of classic apartments naturally modified, and even transformed, the exterior of the old castle, and gave to the garden front, which we illustrate, its Strawberry Hill appearance. The Gothic mullioned windows in the upper part of both the corner and central towers are part of the more recent efforts to

minimise the eighteenth century transformation. Otherwise this front is still much the same as it is represented in the engraving in Britton and Brayley's "Devonshire Illustrated," published in 1829, a time when it was suffering from long neglect and therefore yet remained much as



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IN THE STATE BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

made a baronet in 1644, having previously married a daughter of Waller, the Parliamentarian general, and thus become possessor of the estate of the Reynells of Ford. We hear nothing of him during the war, but his Castle of Powderham was twice garrisoned for King Charles and once taken by

its George II. owner had left it. He was created Viscount Courtenay in 1762 and died ten days after, and his son, the second Viscount, may well have continued his scheme of alteration, as the music-room has much the appearance of the style of his age, while the sham castle on a hill in the park (then a fashionable type of "folly") was erected by him in 1773. But as the third Viscount, who mainly lived abroad, succeeded in 1788, it must have been as the second Viscount left it that Britton saw

plate of Powderham to him "with great respect," that respect is so wholly wanting in the letterpress of their first edition, that we prefer to quote from the second, when their ire had somewhat cooled down. "Before the expatriation of the present Viscount this mansion was most sumptuously fitted up and furnished, and several fine paintings (including the *Tribute Money* of Rubens) were among its ornaments; but both the furniture and pictures were afterwards removed and neglect and dilapidation usurped



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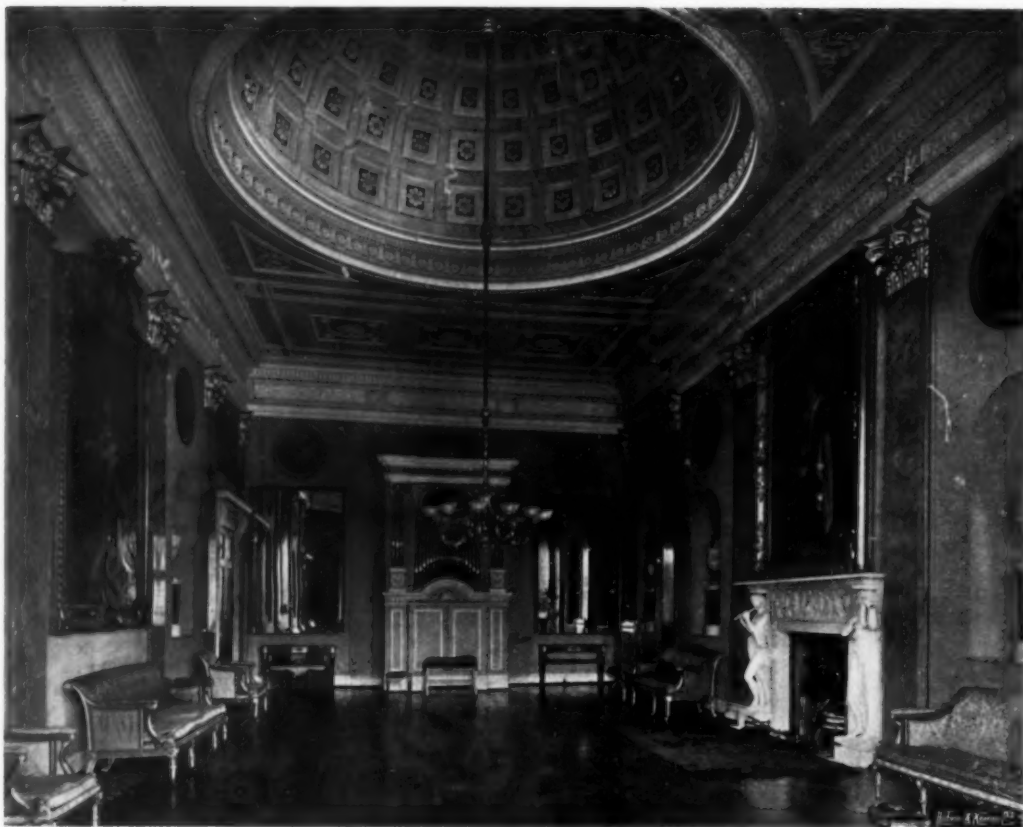
UPPER PART OF STAIRCASE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

it. Every window was then sashed, and even the towers were made to resemble the wing, whose brickwork, peeping out where the plaster has decayed, shows it to be largely of eighteenth century construction. The pleasant terraced garden of our picture did not then exist; the tenets of "Capability" Brown had been obeyed and the "landscape" reached up to the windows. The third Viscount's doings evidently ruffled Messrs. Britton and Brayley, and though they dedicated their

the place of former splendour." In the interval between these two editions the third Viscount Courtenay had become recognised as ninth Earl of Devon, but he himself had probably little to do with this change, which was brought about by the initiative of his cousin and successor, grandson to a brother of the first Viscount, and Assistant Clerk to Parliament. He it was who called attention to the terms of the patent granted by Queen Mary to Edward Courtenay, declared that under it the

Powderham branch should have succeeded to the Earldom, and brought Lord Chancellor Brougham and other influential lawyers to his view, though Campbell and the more learned of the profession were of the other way of thinking. On March 14th, 1834, the House of Lords "resolved and adjudged that Wm. Viscount Courtenay, hath made out his claim to the title, honour and dignity of Earl of Devon." He, however, never returned to England to take his seat, but died at his residence in the Place Vendôme in 1835. His French properties, and such others as he could dispose of, he left to friends of his own, and the Clerk to Parliament succeeded, as tenth Earl, to a diminished estate and a neglected place. Before the end of the year, however, we hear of his having "commenced repairs at the venerable edifice." Of his work we illustrate especially a dining hall which he renewed. It is an exceedingly favourable example of the Gothic revival, done at a time when enthusiasm for mediævalism had vastly outstripped knowledge, and when much deplorable building was done. The Powderham hall shows considerable study and understanding of the forms and of the spirit of domestic architecture such as they were at the moment that Bosworth Field was fought. The connection between that event and the decorative scheme adopted for his



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THE MUSIC-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

new room by the tenth Earl of Devon is interesting. The third of the Powderham branch of the Courtenays had a younger son, Peter, who became Bishop of Exeter in 1478. He was not the only one of his family to oppose Richard III. and side with



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THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Henry Tudor, and this cost him a time in exile, followed by a triumphant return in 1485. After Bishop Waynflete's death, two years later, he succeeded him at Winchester, but he left many a trace of his handiwork in his first diocese. The Cathedral of Exeter owes its north tower and its Peter's bell to him. He also largely altered the episcopal palace which, three centuries later, became the paternal home of the tenth Earl of Devon, whose father was the second Courtenay to hold the county bishopric. He thus, as a lad, knew his ancestor's architectural work, and more especially the great and elaborate heraldic chimney-piece which was then still in its original position in the dining-room of the palace, it having been afterwards moved into the hall by Bishop Phillpotts. There it now stands, and all who know it will recognise that, with certain modifications not altogether happy, it has been well copied at Powderham. Above this copy may be clearly seen in our illustration another reminiscence of the busy life and many functions of the restorer of both the reputation and the home of the Courtenays. The tenth Earl had been Recorder of Exeter before he succeeded to the title. After that event he became High Steward of the University of Oxford, and he is represented in peer's robes in the portrait that hangs over the music-room mantel. He was followed by a son, whose thirty years' occupancy of Powderham was marked by many an improvement and an admirable administration, not merely of the estates, but of the affairs of the county in general. With his death in 1888 the prevalence of bad times affected Powderham. Now, however, his great-nephew, the present Earl, is once more in residence, and the whole place bears abundant evidence of intelligent and affectionate ownership. T.

TOUCH & GO WITH THE SEA

THIS all very well, complained a Salterport fisherman, for people to talk so much about the North Sea men. They and the Cornishmen, with their big, decked harbour boats, have something under their feet, somewhere they can get under "out the way o' it." They can make themselves comfortable and ride out a storm if they have to. "But if," he said, "it comes on to blow hard when we'm out to sea in our little open craft, us got to hard up and get home along—if we can. For the likes of us, 'tis touch and go with the sea."

He spoke the truth. In Salterport—a small south-western fishing place the type of many others—the governing factor of its fishery is the absence of any sort of harbour. Every boat has to run ashore and be hauled up the beach, and even over the sea-wall, by means of creaking wooden winches. The boats (called drifters) cannot be more than 25ft. in length, or decked, else they would be too unwieldy ashore. Unless they are built shallow and with next to no keel, they will heel over and fill on grounding in the surf. Therefore, having but small hold on the water, they cannot sail close to the wind, and beating out or home against it is a long wearisome job. Because the tackle for night work in a small craft must be as simple as possible, such boats usually carry only a mizzen and a dipping lug—the latter a large, picturesque, but unhandy sail, which has to be lowered, or "dipped," every time the boat

tacks. Neither comfort nor safety is provided by the yard or so of decking (the "cutty" or cuddy) in the bows. To sleep there with one's head in shelter is to have one's feet outside, and *vice versa*. In a rough, broken sea the open beach drifter is always liable to ship water and sink. I have watched one of them fleeing home in a storm. The wind was blowing a gale, the sea running high and broken. One error in steering, one grip of the great white horses, meant a wreck. Every moment or two the coastguard who was beside me with a telescope exclaimed, "She's down!" But she dodged the broken waves like a hare before greyhounds, now steering east, now west, but on the whole towards home. It was with half her rudder gone that she ran ashore after a splendid exhibition of skill and nerve, much more exciting than the manœuvres of a yacht-race; and it was a feat of seamanship that must be often paralleled if widows



THE TENTH EARL'S DINING-HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and orphans are not to multiply. Those are the craft and those the sort of men—two, as a rule, to a boat—that put to sea before sunset, ride at the nets through the night, and return most frequently not until dawn. Anything but a moderate breeze makes their work impossible. In a calm the two men are bound to row, several miles perhaps, with heavy 16ft. to 20ft. oars. If, moreover, the sea or a ground swell rises, the least mistake in beaching a boat will cause it to sheer round, capsize and wash about in the breakers. There is nothing the fishermen dread like that. Tales are told of arms and legs, of tortured faces, appearing from underneath, while the upturned boat knocked about in the waves and those ashore were powerless. Old fishermen will own to having left the beach when they saw a boat running in on a rough sea, so that they should not endure the horror of

witnessing what they could not prevent. Needless to say, they peeped and saw it all. I mention these risks not to emphasise the dangers of drifting with open beach-boats—in point of fact, accidents seldom do happen—but to show what skill must be habitually exercised, what a touch and go with the sea it is.

Sundown is the time for shooting nets. Ten to fourteen are carried for mackerel, four to eight for herrings—the scantier the fish the greater the number of nets. At Salterport they are commonly forty fathoms each in length along the head-rope, which connects them all, and five fathoms deep. Stretching far away from the boat, as it drifts up and down with the tide, is a line, perhaps 1,000yds. long, of cork buoys. Below these are the lanyards supporting the head-rope. Below this, again, lie the nets themselves. Judgment is required in shooting a fleet of nets; they may get foul of the bottom or of one another. Imagine the confusion which follows when the nets of several drifters become tangled together from careless shooting or from tricks of the tide. Nets shot, the fishermen make fast the net-rope (the "road"), creep under the cutty and sleep with one eye open. Sometimes they are too wet to sleep, and often in the winter it is too cold. Afterwards, the laborious hauling in—one man at the head-rope and the other at the mesh. Contrary to a general impression, the fish are not enclosed within the net, as in seining or in pictures of the miraculous draught of fishes. They prod their snouts into the mesh and are caught by the gills. There may not be a score in a fleet of nets, or they may come up like a glittering mat, beyond the strength of two men to lift over the gunwale. Twenty thousand herring is about the burden of an open drifter. If more are caught nets must be either given away at

hopelessly fleeced by the buyers. If he himself despatches his catch to London . . . A Salterport fisherman once went up to Billingsgate and saw his own fish sold for a certain sum. On his return home he received a third of that sum, with a letter from



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THE DOUBLE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the salesman to say that there had been a sudden glut on the market! The fishermen boat-owners have an independence of character which hinders them from combining together effectively as hirelings can do. They act but too faithfully on the adage that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Lately, owing to bad prices and seasons, the Salterport drifters have decreased in number 75 per cent. In other places the same thing has happened. And this decline, be it noted, is of importance nationally, as well as locally; for these small fisheries might, without exaggeration, be called the breeding-ground of the Navy. Fisher children are being more and more put to work on land. Of fishing the fishermen say: "Tain't wuth it! They'll take yer photo or they'll make a picture of 'ee; but when it comes to it, there ain't nobody cares nort for the likes o' us poor men, for all us have got a money's worth o' gear to lose an' a living to make." Under changing, but largely remediable, conditions the distinctive breed is being crushed, cheated and neglected till it ceases to exist.

Hear a petty officer talk about the maddening trouble he has had in teaching plough-tail or urban recruits to knot and splice a rope; or watch, as I have, a couple of blue-jackets put off in a small boat and drive ashore again, because they did not know how to make sail. One comprehends, then, the national importance of these fisher families, whose work entails exposure, endurance, nerve and skill; who play touch and go with the sea as a matter of course; and who in the slack

seasons have—unlike the ordinary labourer—only too much time to think for themselves. The men from the little fisheries are, in fact, the backbone of the Navy. They do well in it, and form proportionately the largest section of its petty officers.



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THE GATEHOUSE AT POWDERHAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sea, buoyed up and left, or cut, broken, lost. Small catches are picked out of the nets afloat, large ones ashore. And it is precisely ashore that the fisherman comes off worst of all. Possessed of neither education nor business training, he is

WHERE ONCE THE SHUTTLE FLEW.

BECKINGTON is a Somerset village on the high road from Bath to Frome, and only three miles from the latter. Somerset is a county of somewhat extreme elevations, with its vast Sedgemoor on the sea-level and its Mendips towering up from the Marsh. But about Beckington it is in a moderate humour, and the fertile and well-timbered land undulates pleasantly and no more. For this parish lies just away from Frome River, which, like the Avon, which it shortly joins, has furrowed out for itself a deep grove, so that the houses of the riparian villages are apt to rise over each other's roofs and the higher ones are of most steep approach. Such great work and dramatic effect could not be compassed by Beckington's little rivulet, though its presence is held by some to have given the village its name. By others, however, this is denied; it is not, they claim, the town on the Bec, but the town of the beacon, and this was



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THE GARDEN-HOUSE AT "THE CEDARS."

"C.L."

certainly the view taken by its foremost son, for Thomas de Bekyngton, who in the fifteenth century gave up politics and diplomacy to become a bishop and a builder, freely set his carved device of flames shooting forth from a tun, or barrel, on gatehouse panel and cloister vaulting at Wells. From what stock he sprang is unknown, for, prolific letter-writer as he was for his own mediæval age, he never said more of his origin than that Beckington had given him birth. This was about the year 1390, so that William of Wykeham had rightly timed his founding

of a school at Winchester and a college at Oxford to be ready for the education of this clever village lad. He passed from scholarship to fellowship at New College, and thence, in 1420, he entered the service of the best patron of brains and literature, "good" Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, who soon passed him on to his nephew, the boy King. Country livings and cathedral



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"THE CASTLE."

"COUNTRY LIFE."

prebends now afforded him ample means; but the State claimed his time. When not in France on diplomatic mission he was at his Sovereign's side as his reader, secretary and privy seal. But when, in 1443, the bishopric of Wells was bestowed upon him he gave himself up to the duties of his office and the improvement of his surroundings, and therefore escaped the unpopularity which the loss of France and the consequent straitening of means

of Erleigh had died out, and the manor of Beckington had passed to a branch of the Seymours, "Ancestors of Edward, Duke of Somerset," says some authority quoted by Kelly in the Post Office Directory, while Murray, in his handbook, assures us that "the house called Seymour's Court Farm was once the home of Thomas Lord Seymour of Sudeley, who married Queen Catherine Parr and was executed in March, 1549." As a



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THE GREAT PARLOUR AT "THE ABBEY."

"COUNTRY LIFE."

brought upon the Government, costing, as it did, the life of his fellow-bishops of Salisbury and Chichester. At Wells, cathedral, palace, close and city all retain evidences of his zeal and taste; but his native village was forgotten in his lifetime and scarce remembered in his will. Here when he was a boy the family of Erleigh, who had held the manor since the days of Henry II., were dominant; but by the time he ruled at Wells the male line

matter of fact, John Seymour, who married the Erleigh heiress in the fifteenth century, was not of the same family that produced, in the sixteenth, a wife and mother of kings, a lord protector, and a high admiral. Their ancestors had sprung from the Monmouthshire Castelet of Penhow, but had, about the same time that John Seymour became seated at Beckington, obtained by marriage with Maud Sturmy the estate

of Wolf Hall in Wiltshire, where Jane was brought up and was courted by King Hal. The arms of this family were a pair of wings conjoined, whereas a shield of two chevrons gules, a label of three points vert, was borne by John Seymour. Nicholas Seymour had, under Edward III., married Muriel Lovel, and thus obtained lordship of Castle Cary. This important manor passed through the heiress of Richard Seymour to the Zouches in 1409, and when Edward Somerset became a king's brother-in-law and a wealthy man he bought it, and this transaction seems to be the only link between the two Seymour families. Richard Seymour, whose daughter carried Castle Cary to the Zouches, had a younger brother John, and he it was, and his descendants after him, who held Beckington, and of whose late Gothic work there are still traces at Seymour Court Farm. It

lies away from the village at the end of an avenue of tall elms, a greystone gabled building, whose great porch still retains its original door and massive running bolt, while over it is a chamber with trefoil-headed window-lights. Windows of the same Gothic type are retained on the north side of what was once the great hall, but which had a parlour taken off it by the Elizabethan owner, who set later mullioning into the south side, erected a great chimney-piece, in the spandrels of whose Gothic arch appear the initials "R. W.," but having Corinthian pilasters to support its cornice. The ceiling (of the same date) is of panelled plaster-work of bold and simple design. It is, however, not this house, but three others, all in the village street, of which portions are here illustrated. They are of somewhat later date than Seymour Court, although the house now known as "the abbey" may be a Gothic shell remodelled in Jacobean times, and whose fine chimney-piece and most interesting ceiling, double coved and elaborately strapworked, are proof that there were other men at Beckington under Tudors and Stuarts as rich as the lord of its manor. Beckington at that time was no obscure and lifeless village as it is to-day, but an active township, whose weavers vied in the staple industry with neighbouring Frome or little less distant Bradford, which, as Leland found, "stondith by clooth making." Beckington's chief clothier in the fifteenth century was John Compton, whose merchant's mark, graven in brass, is on one of the piers of the church to which he left, by his will dated 1484, £8 (to be "in the hands of John Sayntmaur gent."), besides other sums to provide for five years of prayers and candles before the image of Holy Trinity. To his wife he leaves £100 "in counted money" and £40 in woollen cloth, while one piece of cloth, value 40s., falls to the share of "John Hill, wever," whom he appoints one of his executors. Another executor is his son John, who gets a silver cup and evidently carried on the business profitably, for when he dies, twenty years later, he leaves £20 to the church to provide "two silver-gilt candelabra to the use of the said church and to the praise of God continually to be used there." Two other of his bequests are also worth noting. One of £10 "to the prior of Bath to the building of the Cathedral there," reminds us that the present abbey church was then being erected to replace the greater and finer Norman minster, which had been allowed to go to ruin; the other, of 46s. 8d., to repair the highways and streets in the town and neighbourhood of Beckington, shows that, bad as English roads were at that time and for centuries after, they did

receive some consideration, but, depended for their repair upon private and not public money. In the same year that this second John Compton died, the widow of the Seymour whom the first John Compton appointed to look after his church legacy also died, and left £5 "to a highway besides Beckington called Chapman's Slade." By this time the male line of Seymour had ceased. The John we have heard of died in the lifetime of his father, Sir Timothy, and very soon after Compton had entrusted him with his £8 bequest. In his will, the farming landowner is revealed, as the cloth merchant was in that of Compton. He left "one heifer to find a wax taper to burn before St. Laurence's image at Rode Church," and one cow for the same object on behalf of the figure of St. George at Beckington. His only son William, marrying a daughter of



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THE ROOF OF THE CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sir Richard Edgecumbe, the builder of Cotehele, died early, as did his only child Jane. His properties passed to his sisters, wives of Stawell of Cothelstone, which fine old manor house was illustrated in these pages on January 11th of this year, and Bamfylde of Poltimore, whose direct descendant takes his title from that place. Meanwhile, John Seymour's widow had married again, and again been left a widow, and a rich one, too, as her bequests show. Chapman's Slade was only one of many highways in Somerset which benefited under her will, whereby, too, her daughter-in-law, William's young widow, receives "100 marks in plate, and the bed and hangings to her own chamber, next the churchyard, with all mine other stuff at Ramsham, and 100 sheep at Chylde Frome." With the passing away of the Seymours, the manor ceased to be residential, nor does Collinson,

the county historian, tell us when the Bamfylde part with it and to whom it passed. I find a John Bamfylde, dying in 1528, still owned Beckington property, for he leaves to his son Hugh "all my londs in Beckington and Rode"; he also gets a covered and an uncovered silver goblet and "an Irebounde wene and my best coverlett with the best carpett after his moders daies." The value in which the then scarce articles of furniture and domestic appliances were held comes out still more clearly in his bequests to his son Thomas, to whom he leaves "my gretest pottle of brasse and my gretest panne of brasse," also chests, diaper table-cloths and other fabrics, and finally "my trotting gelding." But after this the name of Bamfylde disappears from Beckington, which becomes more completely industrial, clothiers named Cooper, Clevedon, Long and Webb being its chief parishioners under the Tudors. The Longs made money, evidently, for in the 1569 muster-roll Thomas Long is no mere "ableman," but comes under the head of those possessing armour. He was, no doubt, the son of the "William Longe" who, dying in 1558, made his son Thomas his executor and residuary legatee, but left to his wife Elizabeth "1,000 marks, to be paid of 30 fyne clothes when sold," and to each of his daughters £200. But the Webbs took the lead at Beckington, the first name on the above-mentioned muster-roll being "Thomas Webbe, gent," returned as possessing "a corslet furnished, one harquebut, a murrion, a bowe, a sheaf of arrowes and a skull, also a pair of almain rivets furnished." I incline to think he may have owned the manor, and that the initials on the chimney-piece at Seymour Court represent one of his relations. Certainly the advowson of the living, itself a rectorial manor, passed from the old lords of the manor to him, for "Thomas Web de Beckington, Clothier," and afterwards Margaret his widow thrice appoint rectors in Elizabeth's time. In the next century it is again a clothier's fortune that purchases both manor and advowson; but the fortune was made not at Beckington, but at its now successful rival over the Wiltshire border. At Bradford, the Ashes had followed the Hortons as premier clothiers under the Tudors and in Stuart times. John Ashe was converting his pieces of cloth into acres, buying land largely at Freshford, where he resided, as well as at Beckington. His son succeeded him, whom we find appointing to the living in 1668, but in 1700 it is John Methuen, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who appears as patron. His grandfather had been vicar of Frome from 1606 to 1640, but his father had preferred commerce to the church. He had married the elder John Ashe's daughter, had taken up his father-in-law's business at Bradford-on Avon, and, by the introduction of foreign weavers, had so improved his cloth as to obtain a wide reputation and make a large fortune. So his son was able to take to law and diplomacy, and made a very bad Lord Chancellor at Dublin and a very good Ambassador at Lisbon, where he knew enough of his father's trade to negotiate the treaty which let English woollens free into Portugal in return for the same privilege extended to Oporto wines on their landing on our shores. He it was who succeeded his uncle, the younger and childless John Ashe, in the ownership of the Beckington property, but he left no mark on the manor or the parish. Before his day the period of Beckington's prosperity had waned. The number of its houses of some size and presence dating from the reigns of Elizabeth and James is large, and betokens quite a community of well-to-do clothiers. But there is little of later date; there is none of that charming class of well finished and fitted houses of the post-Restoration period, which is well represented in the neighbouring clothier towns, such as Bradford, Frome and Trowbridge. The only example of such architecture at Beckington worth picturing is the well-designed little garden-house, with its broken pediment of a Christopher Wren type, which stands at the top corner of the garden of an older house, and overlooks the high road at the entrance to Beckington. The latter house is now called "The Cedars," but its original builder can have known nothing of such timber, except from his Bible. It is not the only old home of the

Beckington clothmen that has been rechristened. Originally, no doubt, they bore the name of the family that owned them—they were Comptons or Coopers, Longs or Webbs. Now they are "the Cedars," "the Abbey," "the Castle." For the first name there is now a clear reason in the fine tree that stretches out a branch almost as far as the garden-house. But for the other names there is no solid ground. Of monastic property there is no trace in the parish except the reputed gift of the church to the priory of Buckland, by an Erleigh, in the twelfth century; but as, in the fifteenth century, if not earlier, a lay patron appointed to the living, the manor seems to have soon regained its rights, if it ever lost them. As to "the Castle," its unusual height, its squareness and the battlemented tops of its porch and staircase projections would be quite enough to earn it such a title in more recent times, when it was imagined that a truly fortified appearance would be given by erecting gateposts with frivolous and impracticable arrow slits. Such "revival" Gothic is its only claim to mediævalism, though certainly a lingering trace of the older forms appears in the slight arching of many of its window light heads. This survival continued far into Renaissance times, especially in this part of England, and we find the same shaped window heads at Chantemarle, whose first stone was not laid till 1619. "The Castle," like "the Cedars" and like most of "the Abbey," is purely Jacobean in character, and there is no visible domestic Gothic remaining in Beckington beyond portions of the Court, whose windows are so similar to those in the clerestory of the church as to show that John Compton's £8 was but a tiny fraction of the money which Beckington denizens spent on their church in the fifteenth century. The older edifice was Norman, and the recently well-repaired tower, though additional buttresses needed adding as centuries went on, exhibits, especially in the window arcing of its upper storey, very excellent work of that period. But the earlier style clearly did not suit the money-making clothiers, who used their church freely during their lives and left money for building and for prayers and candle-burning after their deaths. The font is the only interior survival of the church of the first Erleighs; all the rest, including the massive roof, which shows so well in the illustration, dates from the time when the Seymours were the first men in this active mediæval community, where the noise of the shuttle and of the fulling-mill prevailed throughout the age of home industries and local manufacture. The great mechanical age, by arresting the development of such small centres, has, happily, allowed of the survival therein of much old-world work and feeling such as these pictures exhibit.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE 'VARSITY SPORTS.

A MORE than usual interest attached to the result of the Inter-University sports which were held at Queen's Club on Saturday last. For three years in succession Oxford had been victorious. Cambridge no longer held the lead, and either University could lay claim to twenty-one victorious years. According to the almost universal opinion of the critics it was confidently expected that on the present occasion the Oxford athletes would be equal to the winning of the majority of the contests; but the experts were wrong and by winning six out of the ten events, the Cambridge men have again wrested the lead from their rivals.

Without in any way wishing to detract from the fine performance of K. G. McLeod, who, thanks to his remarkable capacity for jumping away from the mark, won the Hundred Yards

Race for Cambridge in 10.25 sec. it is but fair to remark that his most dangerous adversary, L. C. Hull, who is credited with having run the distance in "dead" time, had been unwell for some few days and was on that account hardly at his best; but even so there can be but little between the two men, for at the finish of the race they were divided by almost the same distance as they had been at the start, when the superior quickness of



THE START FOR THE THREE MILES.

McLeod enabled him to steal an advantage of nearly 2ft. In the Half-mile Race T. H. Just ran in remarkably fine form, winning so easily and so full of running that had he been at all pressed it is highly probable that he would have equalled, if not beaten, K. Cornwallis's record time for the race--1min. 54.4-5sec., instead of having taken just 1sec. longer to complete the course. The compulsory absence of Yorke of Oriel deprived Oxford of a champion for the High Jump, A. N. Doorly of St. John's being unable to equal the 5ft. 8in. cleared by A. C. Bellerby, the representative of Cambridge. Some hopes there were that E. R. J. Hussey of Hertford College would be able to turn the tables on K. Powell, who beat him last year in the Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle Race; but the Cambridge man was the faster of the two on the flat, and, jumping well into the bargain, he won a good race by 1½yds. Had Lindsay-Watson been able to keep his feet within the magic circle, the Hammer Throwing would also have gone to the credit of the Light Blues; but his 150ft. throws were unfortunately "no throws," and A. M. Stevens, a Rhodes Scholar of Yale and Balliol, scored the first Oxford success with a throw of 139ft. 8in. For some reason or another Oxford men have always shown a special aptitude for the Long Jump, and when



A. C. BELLERBY WINS THE HIGH JUMP.

acknowledge defeat; and it may also be said that he was beaten by a very first-class opponent, for fast as was the time (14min. 53.2-5sec.) in which N. F. Hallows of Keble won, he will do yet better in the future, and he has, it may be added, already given many proofs of being a three-mile runner of more than ordinary ability. He can stay, but so can Edwards, the difference between them being that at a given moment Hallows can turn on just the bit of speed which is at present lacking in his very plucky opponent. Hallows has now won this event for the third year in succession, and it is interesting to note the marked improvement in his recorded times. His first victory was achieved in 15min. 14sec., his second in 15min. 6.3-5sec., and it now stands to his credit that on a far from lively track he has covered the three miles in 14min. 53.2-5sec. This last performance comes within some 9sec. of the splendid and, as yet, unsurpassed record of 14min. 44.3-5sec., made by F. S. Horan in 1893.

When last year the overwhelming superiority of Oxford was largely due to the successful efforts of Rhodes Scholars, it was suggested in more than one quarter that in future the Cambridge men would be competing at a serious disadvantage. It is true that, as a rule, a Rhodes Scholar is older when he goes up than the average freshman, and may, therefore, be supposed to be possessed of greater stamina and more experience; but we may perhaps point out that although several Rhodes Scholars took part in the contests of Saturday last, only one of them was



THE FINISH OF THE HUNDRED YARDS.

W. H. Bleaden of Brasenose won it on Saturday with a leap of 22ft. 3in. he brought the number of Oxford victories in this special event up to 29 as against the 17 which stand to the credit of the sister University. A good deal of interest centred in the Quarter-mile Race, in which C. M. and N. G. Chavasse of Trinity, sons of the Bishop of Liverpool, did duty for Oxford against A. E. D. Anderson of Trinity and E. H. Ryle of Trinity, son of the Bishop of Winchester, who were representing Cambridge. N. G. Chavasse broke down after going a short distance, leaving his twin brother to save the situation. Until 100yds. from home he managed to maintain the lead, but Ryle was heading him all the way, and simply left him standing still when he shot out full of running and went on to win by 14yds. or 15yds. in the fairly good time of 51sec. Oxford scored again in the Mile Race, in which, do what he would, E. S. Dougall of Pembroke could never manage quite to overhaul S. P. L. Lloyd of Magdalen. With a "putt" of 37ft. 2½in., J. L. Michie of Trinity won the Weight-putting contest for Cambridge, and then came the Three-mile Race, which may be said to have been the most exciting event of the afternoon. Although beaten, F. M. Edwards of Queen's made a splendid struggle for victory before he had finally to

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THE HURDLES.

successful. Sooner or later, however, the question of the standing, from a residential point of view, of a Rhodes Scholar coming, for instance, from Yale or Harvard may have to be taken into consideration by the authorities.

The net results of the contests of Saturday afternoon stand thus: Hundred Yards, K. G. McLeod (Cambridge); Half-mile, T. H. Just (Cambridge); High Jump, A. C.

Bellerby (Cambridge); Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle Race, K. Powell (Cambridge); Throwing the Hammer, A. M. Stevens (Oxford); Long Jump, W. H. Bleaden (Oxford); Quarter-mile Race, E. H. Ryle (Cambridge); One Mile, S. P. L. Lloyd (Oxford); Putting the Weight, J. L. Michie (Cambridge); Three Mile, N. F. Hallows (Oxford).

FROM THE FARMS.

THE TOWNSMAN'S FARM.

THE irrepressible "Home Counties," who has taken the science of agriculture under his wing, has just published a lively book on this subject with Messrs. Cassell and Co. After reading it our general impression is that it is not quite so practical as it looks. For example, the first chapter, called "A Distinguished 'Back-to-the-Lander's' Disillusioning," refers to one who was so little of a farmer as Thomas Carlyle, whose venture at Craigenputtock forms the theme of the discourse. "Home Counties," by the by, gives the curious explanation of the word "craigenputtock" that it means "the whinstone of the partridges." He seems to have arrived at this novel interpretation by confusing partridge with buttock—the game-bird with the bird of prey. Under any circumstances it was not to be thought that a young philosopher with a head teeming full of ideas would have found contentment in this rural retreat, or indeed anywhere; and to bring Thomas Carlyle into the argument appears to us only a clever essay in the art of making copy. It is not a serious part of the subject. For the rest, the author seems to think most of the townsman as a small farmer. It is here that he finds the most entertaining failures. Many instances could be given of capitalists, who have made a fortune in business, turning to the land and without previous experience making it a paying concern. They have learned in the course of their struggle upwards to make a good choice of those who are best calculated to give advice and management in matters of detail. They are also unafflicted with many of the superstitions and traditions that withhold the farmer from innovation. They come to weigh the merits of appliances and machinery with minds fresh and unprejudiced, and proposals that would excite laughter in old-fashioned dwellers on the land meet with their careful consideration. But the man who has only saved a comparatively



A GOOD SHEPHERD.

small sum of money by work in a town is under a delusion if he thinks it an easy thing to take up farming and make it pay. Even in the details of the work he will find much that is repugnant. There was a story the other day in the *faciæ* column of a newspaper which, though trivial enough in itself, illustrated a certain truth. It was told of a child who refused to drink milk coming directly from the cow because, as she said, previously she had always got milk from a clean nice dairy. This feeling is very considerably strengthened when it comes to be a matter of taking life. Children brought up in a farm are accustomed to see the chickens killed for table or market, and it does not shock them at all to know that the lambs playing in the field, the piglets in the yard, the frisking young calves and the other charming animals of the fields are destined for the butcher. The author himself tells of how he had to knock on the head four new-born kids, a task from which the soul of the townsman would revolt. But the æsthetic reasons are the least important. Very few townsmen have any conception of the work that is required to make land thoroughly fertile, and they have still less idea of the frugality, amounting to parsimony, the cheese-paring, the ceaseless, vigilant guard against waste, the hard chaffering and bargaining—in a word, the business ability applied to small things necessary to make a livelihood out of land. And the labour itself, much as it has been praised by the philosopher, can only be endured by those whose interests are limited. The man with an active, vital mind would never settle down contentedly to hoe turnips. The best advice, therefore, that can be given to the townsman is that when he goes back to the land it should be to a cottage with a meadow whose rent will not oppress him even should he make nothing by cultivating the soil. If he depends for any considerable part of his income on the fruit of his toil he is simply going out of his way to meet with sorrow and disappointment.

FORESTRY AND THE ROYAL.

Under its new auspices the Royal Agricultural Society of England has developed a commendable enterprise and energy. A new feature will be introduced into the Newcastle exhibition



A SUFFOLK EWE AND LAMBS.

in the shape of a department devoted to forestry exhibits. The plan for the same shows a practical intelligence that will be very useful. In the first place, prizes are to be offered for timber grown on home estates, and this ought to be a very instructive part of the exhibition, as much of the hesitancy about taking up forestry is engendered by a doubt of our ability to produce the best kinds of timber. There will be classes for wood grown on various kinds of soil. It is intended to illustrate also the effects of pruning—beneficial when well done, injurious when the opposite is the case. A most instructive section is likely to be devoted to descriptions of gates for farm and estate use. Space will be found for the exhibits of nurserymen who make a point of growing forest trees and shrubs, while owners of forests are encouraged to send specimens and photographs. These all point to useful and practical branches of the art on which instruction is very much needed. The forestry section promises to add considerably to the interest of the Royal show.

CHOOSING A FARM.

Ordinarily, the would-be tenant looking over a new holding trusts very much to his instinct. He has probably been brought up on the land, and arrives, he does not exactly know how, at certain conclusions regarding the new soil with which he is brought into contact; but as the land may vary considerably from that with which he is most familiar, it is well that he should have something more than this half-unconscious liking or disliking to go upon. At the conclusion of his excellent little book, "Soils: their Nature and Treatment," to which we shall have occasion to refer in a subsequent issue, Mr. Primrose McConnell gives some practical hints about choosing a farm. In the first place, he thinks the farmer should have as much knowledge of geology as will be sufficient to tell him if he is likely to find sand, loam, clay, marl or alluvium as the prevailing soil, or if the farm is on an uncultivable hill. A glance at the predominating trees will also tell him something. If they are perfectly upright and spherical in shape the district is not a stormy one, but if they stand as if their backs were to the wind he may know that the corn crops also will be blown and "lodged" before harvest. Large woods, from his point of view, are not good if they are adjacent, as they give harbourage to animals whose presence does not conduce to successful cultivation. He should also know the texture, depth and colour of the soil. If

the crops are growing, their condition will give him sure indication of the sort of land they grow upon. Other points to be looked at are: the efficiency of the drainage, the water supply, the exposure and shelter of the farm and home-stead, the surface of the fields and the prevailing winds. These things he can notice with his eye. He must also take into account the buildings, markets, the labour supply and other things, but on his first visit the points enumerated should receive his close attention.

RECLAIMING MOOR IN SWEDEN.

During recent years in Great Britain, the idea of bringing waste land into cultivation has not excited much enthusiasm. It was found by those who were keen on the experiment forty or fifty years ago that the cost was prohibitive, and not only was there a considerable outlay required in the first instance, but the tendency of the land to go back involved continual expense afterwards. In Sweden much attention during the last twenty years has been given to the subject, and perhaps some of the proprietors in England may learn from the results of the experiments tried there. A Swedish Moor Cultivation Society was established in 1886 with 178 members, and its success may be judged from the fact that it now contains 3,400 members, with an annual income of about £2,800. It has chemical and botanical laboratories at Jönköping, with an experimental garden, a library and a museum. Some seven miles distant from these it has an experimental farm of 300 acres where fieldwork is done. The work done by the society may be described in a broad sense as educational. It has a botanist, who makes a special study of the botanical questions connected with peat-land, visiting and reporting on the character of peat in different districts, and advising as to the methods of reclamation. He also examines samples and advises members as to their suitability for fuel or litter. Encouragement is offered to the formation of experimental fields on farms in different districts, to which seeds and manure are gratuitously supplied. What we should like to know, however, is the exact and practical effect produced. How much land has been brought into cultivation by these means within the last quarter of a century? Can the methods employed in Sweden be advantageously applied in Great Britain?

SHOOTING.

SHOOTING IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

IF a man wishes to study the caprices of the wildfowl, and more especially of the woodcock, in their movement from day to day, and, above all, if he courts exasperation in the attempt to find them when he wants to shoot them, there is no part of our islands, or so, at least, I should imagine, where he can do this better than in certain localities in the County of Galway. I may even place it a little more accurately, as in the vicinity of Ballinrobe. It is a fine sporting county, for besides the shooting, there are the trout in the great Lough Mask, giving splendid sport, especially for the "dapping," with the natural insect, in the May-fly-time. There are monsters in this lough. I can answer personally for six-pounders; but they are nothing to some that have been caught; and, again, these last are nothing in comparison with some which are said to have been hooked and lost. These, however, have never come to the weighing clip, so we must leave them, or take them on trust, as so much has to be taken in the West of Ireland. Now the woodcock in that "distressful" but delightful country have three favourite places of resort. These are the coverts, mostly birch, with a good deal of lichen-covered rocks, the shores of the lough and the Connemara Mountains. On the day when the unwary stranger goes out to seek the cock they are almost always in one of the places other than that in which he is looking for them. He will probably be sure of picking up one or two—say half-a-dozen—in the coverts; but the majority are apt to be elsewhere. But a singular thing is that the native of those parts who has studied the ways of the birds—and this does not mean only the keepers, but nearly every male being in the country, for the Irish of that region are poachers born and their breeding does nothing to eradicate the instinct—appears to know, as if by some occult sense, for there is nothing to reveal the state of the case to the stranger, exactly on what day the woodcock will be in the coverts, and on what day they will be on the lake shore, or on what day there will be "no woodcock." The latter will mean that they are all scattered away on the Connemara Mountains. How they know is, I expect, a mystery to those not to the manner born, and they either cannot or will not explain it for the stranger's benefit. It seems to be revealed in some subtle way to their subconsciousness, and they are seldom wrong. Besides the woodcock, of which there is a great plenty

—are not the famous coverts of Lord Ardilaun in the immediate neighbourhood?—there are also a large quantity of snipe. Now the snipe is never a very easy bird to kill at any time, though those who have been brought up, as many of the Irish shooters seem to have been, in a snipe bog, get a knack of shooting them which seems very much as if it were a miracle to the gunner who has been educated at the lumbering pheasant; but of all the snipe in the world those of this particular county seem to be the most elusive. Perhaps it is not really that there is anything in their flight which makes them more difficult to hit than the snipe of other lands, although this is the conviction which is certain to fasten on the mind of the man who has missed them very frequently (he need not be a very bad shot to do this); but it may perhaps be that the background against which they are seen makes them extra troublesome. It is a very broken background, with these rocks which have taken all manner of hues from the lichen that covers them. It is a broken background, and broken into spots of much the same colour as those much smaller ones with which the snipe itself is bespeckled, although, of course, his little specklings are not seen as he flies, swiftly twisting, away from you. It is the habit of writers on this subject to affirm that snipe are always more hard to kill, more quick in their flight and turns, in a cold country than in a warm one. No one can say of this West of Ireland that it is a cold country. A wet country—yes, but mild and soft in temperature. But let the man who pins his faith on the snipe of the cold lands come and have a turn at these snipe which we are discussing, and if he does not change his tune rather quickly it will be a surprise to me. At the same time, I have to admit that even here the snipe appear to be even a little more evasive and difficult to bag than usual on the rare occasions when we do have a nip of frost in the air. But in the normal mild weather they are more than puzzling enough. The woodcock and the snipe do not by any means exhaust all the bag that a man may make in this country, though they may account for the most of it. There are also wildfowl of the duck kind in some plenty, golden plover and so forth, and when the list is finished of these kinds, which are pursued for sport, there are still many left over that will provide great interest to the field-naturalist. It is a land rich in bird-life, and it is said that on the shores of the lake

the Sandwich tern nests, and that it nests nowhere else in all our islands.

I have not written this, be it understood, at all by way of attraction for those knight-errant gunners who are fond of putting up at hotels and enjoying the "wild shooting," if there is any, spoken of in the advertisements of the said hotels. It is only by the kindness of generous hosts and friends that this varied sport is to be enjoyed. It is truly enjoyable and rather unique of its kind.

NESTING OF THE PARTRIDGE.

SEEING how irregular most of our native birds are in their times of hatching out their young ones, it is not a little remarkable how precise, within a day or two, partridges always seem to be in observing the calendar. They are not nearly so precise about nesting, and we all know that they show a very large-minded caprice about the date of pairing. In a mild winter they will often pair long before the end of the shooting season, which has indeed, so far as they are concerned, to be brought to a practical end prematurely, before the legal limit, for there is nothing so deadly for the future stock as to shoot the birds (which offer the easiest and least interesting shots when they are thus occupied with each other) after they have paired. But though they are thus irregular, yet in respect of the hatching all over the Eastern Counties, with a few quite abnormal exceptions, this takes place on June 20th or a day or two earlier. This is the date given by Mr. F. E. R. Fryer, who is a very accurate observer and probably knows the East Anglian partridge rather better than anyone else. Perhaps Mr. Alington runs him hard in his knowledge. This year many of our birds are very much later than usual in their nesting, but there is every reason to expect the partridges to hatch out with all their usual punctuality.

MOLES AS EGG-STRALERS

It has been pointed out to us, and we are reminded of the fact by the mention of Mr. Fryer, that we did not put the case against the mole as a "verminous person" to be placed on the black list of the partridge-keeper nearly as strongly as Mr. Fryer states it. He is speaking (in the COUNTRY LIFE Library of Sport—Shooting, Vol. I.) of the remarkable tameness of the sitting partridge, and incidentally says: "I remember a case in which a mole made it run through the bottom of a nest (a very frequent cause of mischief where nests are not known of and looked at periodically)." This incidental condemnation is really as heavy as it can possibly be. He adds, "A good number of the eggs had disappeared down the hole, and after various attempts to stop the run had failed, I moved the nest over a yard away without the removal having any apparent effect on the bird." In a season when the moles have increased and multiplied so enormously as they have done this year, these are words worth noting. Another "tip"—against corvine poachers this time—incidentally given out of his own large experience by Mr. Fryer, is equally worthy of note. He had caught a rook in a trap by the end of the toe, and kept it tethered for a time ("of course feeding it," as he adds, by way of after-thought), "and his friends, who, no doubt, had helped to rob the nest he was caught at, would not come within miles of him, and, naturally, we lost no more nests from this cause." It would seem as if the rooks, with their poor black brother as an object-lesson

before their eyes, had rightly associated cause and effect and learnt that partridge egg-stealing was a punishable offence. We are glad to see, too, that Mr. Fryer draws a sharp distinction between the destructiveness of the stoat, deadly both to the sitting bird and to the eggs, and the comparative innocence of the weasel from these great offences, as well as its service to the keeper in helping to kill off the rats.

WEASELS AND MOLES.

Evidence as to the destruction, or stealing, of partridges' eggs by moles has also been given by keepers from time to time, and it appears that the same method is always followed—of undermining the nests and sinking them down into the earth. It is likely that the mole, burrowing below, would detect the nest by its well-known keen sense of scent and "act according." Nor, if there were young birds instead of eggs, would they come amiss to the mole's palate. An added motive for sparing weasels is to be found in the war which they wage on the moles, and there are many who argue, with much probability, that the recent great increase of moles is due in considerable degree to the unwise virulence with which weasels have been trapped down and destroyed. The plague of rats no doubt owes something to the same cause.

BRACKEN SUPPLANTING HEATHER.

A week or two ago, in response to some enquiries from correspondents, we gave an account of means of destroying bracken recommended by a landowner and a keeper in Wales. Unfortunately, Wales, from which, perhaps, most of the recent complaints have come, is by no means the only part of our islands in which the bracken is gaining on the heather. In Argyllshire and many places along the West Coast of Scotland the natural process of supplanting heather by bracken is fast going on. Now the heather, as we know, is the favourite covert, as well as the favourite food, of the grouse, but the bracken does not give at all good covert—it is, in fact, no covert at all after the first heavy snow until the new spring growth—and it is, as it seems, of no use at all as food, except for the insects which it harbours and which the younger grouse seem to eat. The only birds that care to lie in it are the woodcock, and no reliance can be placed on them. "Here to-day and gone to-morrow" is their general maxim in regard to covert of this kind.

CORRESPONDENCE

SNIPES USING THEIR BILLS IN RISING.

SIR,—With regard to Mr. Lyell's letter to you in your number for March 21st, it is evident that there can be no value at all, even as negative evidence, with respect to the question whether snipe use their bills to assist them in rising off the ground, if the ground on which they are being observed is so soft that their bills would readily pierce it if the birds attempted to employ them in this way. It is a point on which, as one of your earlier correspondents on the subject remarked, a single piece of positive evidence must be taken to outweigh a great deal of negative. If the question were whether snipe ever rise in any other way than off their bills, then, indeed, this evidence would have a positive value, but that is not at all the point in dispute.—A. D. F.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE ETERNAL POOH-BAH.

I DOUBT whether there is a better golfer among the actors than Mr. Rutland Barrington. Mr. Herbert Ross might dispute this, and possibly there are others, but it is at least as true as most general statements. What brings his name on the scene for the moment is not so much any new golfing exploit as the new exploitation of "The Mikado," first given in 1885. It is noteworthy that of all the cast which first helped to give that delightful whimsicality its abiding success, Mr. Barrington is, not indeed the only one still going and still acting, but the only one included in the present cast for the revival. Is this perpetual juvenescence due to golf? It is easy to think so. I believe that Mr. Barrington plays golf as well as ever; certainly he acts as well as ever, and, indeed, save for a very few more grey hairs, time seems to have wrought no change in him at all since that first production of "The Mikado" twenty-three years ago.

BIARRITZ v. PAU.

They seem to have had plenty of fun for their money (there is generally a little money going about on the occasion) in the match between Biarritz and Pau for the Kilmaine Cup. At Biarritz the local pair, Mr. Angus Hambro and Mr. Douglas Currie, had a lead of three holes, but there still remained thirty-six holes to be played at Pau. Mr. Hambro was not able to go to Pau, and Mr. Macfie took his place. It thus became something of a battle of veterans, speaking in comparative terms. And at Pau the local veterans played so surprisingly well on the first round (it could not possibly be that the Biarritz veterans played surprisingly badly) that though starting three down they finished six up; which seems absurd. And then, even after so heavy a débâcle as this, the Biarritz couple, fortified by the admirable *déjà-vu* which they give you at the Pau Golf Club, actually won the long match by two holes. This is something like fighting, and it must have been a game full of emotion for the heavy backers of either side.

IRISH LADY GOLFERS.

Decidedly it adds to the interest of the Irish Ladies' Championship that the lady who now disguises the famous identity of Miss Rhona Adair under the title of Mrs. Cuthell is returning to the field of battle. The Irish ladies, with Miss Adair and several Misses Hezlet, to leave others of note unnoted,

have shown a wonderful faculty for golf, greater, relatively, as has been observed, than the men of Ireland, for whereas none of the latter ever, or "hardly ever," succeed in winning that Irish championship which is generously thrown open to all comers who are amateurs, the Irish ladies, on the contrary, not content with winning all that is to be won in their own green island, come a-Viking over here and take all the best spoils of our championships also.

RESILIENCY.

The method of determining the merit of a golf ball by dropping it on a stone floor to try its resilience has been accorded a respect quite beyond its worth, though certainly it gives some curious results. Most men will be surprised to hear that a "guttery" ball, so dropped, will jump quite as high as most of the rubber-cored balls, and will be still more surprised, in putting the simple statement to the test, to find it true. Yet the "guttery," as we all know, does not go as kindly off the club. Another rather interesting, and also an enlightening, experiment is that of dropping a rubber-cored ball when new from a certain height, and then dropping it again from the same height after a round or two have been played with it. Naturally it will not bound as high as it did before—there is nothing surprising in that; but what is surprising is that now, since its knocking about, it will jump ever so much higher one time than another. When it was new it jumped to almost exactly the same height every time. The explanation probably is that the knocking has changed the uniform resilience of the ball, so as to make it much more resilient in some places than others. It has become, in fact, like that egg which the bishop gave the curate—the story is as stale as the egg. This tale has a moral, too, viz., that if you want a ball which you can depend on to go always the same distance, after a stroke of the same force with putter, mashie or what you will (it is not always that one would wish it), that end is much more certainly to be attained with a new ball than with an old one. Now, this is a consideration which makes very evidently for the benefit of our natural enemies, the ball-making brotherhood.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

It is not always that the better side wins at golf. One does not know how much of comfort the Oxford University team may be able

to extract from this sapient observation—which has, by the way, been made before—but the opinion of the experts seems to be that it had illustration in the last Inter-University match. Cambridge probably thinks differently, and I do not wish to insist on the point personally, because having once, long ago, been at Oxford myself, insistence might be ascribed to prejudice. It was a day on which it might well be that the side better able to endure soaked clothes and their discomfort was likely to be winner. Mr. Robertson-Durham, Oxford's leader, may not have thought that his men, as a lot, gained much *kudos* (it seems appropriate to use recondite c'a-sical words in writing about the seats of learning); but his personal performance gave him claim to quite as much *kudos* as any man ought to be able to carry—six down at the end of the first eighteen holes and winning the long match by four. This is quite in the heroic style of achievement, and neither winner nor loser will forget this match, though they live to the years promised us by M. Metchnikoff. The total result need hardly be stated—Cambridge winning by four matches to three, with one halved. The change, much for the better, in the mode of scoring (from holes to matches), made no difference this year. Cambridge won by either reckoning. This makes Cambridge one match to the good on all the Inter-University matches ever played since that first and almost pre-historic one in which *pars p'ura fuit*—again the classics. I believe that is the correct sum, so Oxford must see to it next year to balance the account again, and they can start afresh. Probably the average University teams are better now than they used to be; but, perhaps, they have never

had any other so good as the Oxford side in the days of the Hunter and Ellis brothers.

H. G. H.

GOLF ON MITCHAM COMMON.

There was a case in the police court at Croydon last week which illustrates the attitude of mind adopted by a small section of the public towards golfers on a public common and the particular difficulties which beset the Mitcham golfers. A man was summoned for obstructing players on the common and for using insulting language. While playing a match, Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, the prosecutor, came to a putting green where three men were playing "with three balls and very few clubs." Apparently the players in the threesome were remonstrated



THE OXFORD CAPTAIN.

with for "not playing the game," and the man who was prosecuted distinguished himself by the use of very strong language. In the police court this man refused to be bound over, and he was fined 10s. and costs, or fourteen days' imprisonment, for the use of improper language. The summons as to obstructing the players was withdrawn.

THE GOLFERS' HARDSHIP.

The golfer on a public common in England, and especially in the neighbourhood of London, is treated with scant consideration and courtesy by the general public. In contrast with his position in Scotland and the toleration extended to him there he is generally voted to be an interloper, whose recreation it is a public act of policy to restrict by many penalising bye-laws. This legislative activity on the part of local authorities has been seen notably in the cases of Blackheath, Wimbledon, Clapham Common and Tooting Bec. In the case of Wimbledon the elections for the local Conservators have been contested upon the absorbing cry of "Golf or no golf" over Wimbledon Common, though the Conservators had for many years restricted the game to three days a week, the obligatory wearing of a red coat and more recently the employment of a fore caddie. At Blackheath a fore caddie has to be hired to run ahead of the players with a red flag in his hand as if he were the warning precursor of a death-dealing juggernaut car. On Clapham Common—the possessor of a most picturesque and interesting nine holes about thirty years ago, under the rule of the Metropolitan Board of Works—the game is restricted by the County Council to 10 a.m. in the summer months and noon in the winter months. These illustrations show that the golfer is neither liked by local councils nor welcomed with effusive warmth by the public. Yet it cannot be said that he interferes with the playing of cricket and football. The ground which is best suited to his game is the rough, hilly, broken, gorse-clad bits which are unsuited

for any other game, and even within which the general public are not much inclined to penetrate for recreation. But despite all that can be alleged in favour of the golfer's claims to use the worst parts of a public common, the fact has to be steadily faced that his presence there is unwelcome, and the desire is sooner rather than later to squeeze him out of all share in the use of public commons.

A CONTROVERSY.

If the English golfer has no prescriptive rights arising out of long usage, as in the case of the Scottish golfer, if he has not the same amount of public sympathy and toleration on his side as prevails everywhere in Scotland, he has at any rate a legal claim to stand up against his coercive suppression in the use of Mitcham Common. Ever since golf was projected at Mitcham in 1891 there have been local bickerings arising out of the playing of the game there. The basis has always been the old story of unwarranted usurpation on the part of the golfers. Quite early in the golf movement there a committee of the Conservators held an enquiry as to allegations made against the golfers that the game was a danger to public safety. Advertisements were inserted in the local newspapers inviting anyone who had been struck or injured by a golf ball to attend and give information to the committee or to write to the clerk. No one attended before the committee to give information as to being struck or injured by a ball. Letters were received by the clerk from a local resident stating that he had been struck "on the brim of his hat," and another resident complained that "his wife's carriage had been hit twice by a ball." On the other hand, a local blacksmith, who crossed the common daily, said that he did not consider there was any danger, that the players waited for the public and did not interfere with them; and in the end the committee reported that there was no evidence to show that the golfers interfered with the public on the common.

AN ELEMENT IN LOCAL PROSPERITY.

On the other hand, there were some local ratepayers who boldly appealed to the local community to pause before they threw themselves unreflectingly into the agitation against the Mitcham golfers, and before they signed a petition against the use of the common by the golf club. Even thus early in the history of Mitcham golf these working-men ratepayers showed that the golf club employed local labour amounting in value to £3,000 a year, that they paid local tradesmen £1,000 a year, that the club had expended £2,500 in the purchase of the manorial rights, and had handed those rights, with the exception of the right to play golf, over to the Mitcham Conservators, agreeing to pay a contribution of £60 to the local funds; that £10,000 was spent in laying out the course and building the club-house; and that the club was rated for the poor at £112 a year. In the fifteen or sixteen years that have elapsed since the attempt was made to loment this early agitation against the golfers the expenditure of the club which is distributed among



MR C. B. BARRY.



MR. E. S. ULYAT.

the local ratepayers has doubtless very much increased. The gain to the public, however, has not been so much in the money spent by the golf club as in the work they have carried out to preserve and restore one of the finest commons in the country for the enjoyment of everyone. A survey of the common was made in 1892, and it was found that the surface had been greatly injured by being extensively dug for flints and gravel. Three-fourths of the whole of the common had been dug into unsightly pits for the supply of these materials. The land was so injured and disfigured that the rights of commoners to graze their cattle were greatly restricted. The common was, besides, the haunt of gipsies, tramps and loafers, and as such an ever-present source of public anxiety and danger. The golfers, therefore, have expended



HON. C. N. BRUCE IN THE ROUGH.

many thousands of pounds in restoring the surface of the common to its original condition of beauty and public usefulness.

THE LEGAL POSITION AT MITCHAM.

But the most important point to be made more generally known than it appears to be among the general public is the legal position of the Mitcham golfers. The golf club adopted a policy which the local Conservators failed to initiate in the interest of the Mitcham community. They purchased the estate and interest of the lord of the manor of Ravensbury and also the estate and interest of the lord of the manor of Biggin and Tamworth in 1891, and as owners of the soil, subject only to the rights of the commoners, they were enabled to cut the whins, make bunkers and putting

greens and play golf. The golfers had acquired the manorial rights for golfing purposes, and in the exercise of these legal rights they laid out the golf course. Subsequently the manorial rights acquired by the golfers were conveyed to the Conservators of Mitcham Common. The soil of the common was vested in the Conservators, who in return granted the golf club a licence to play golf subject to certain conditions. The licence, which was granted on July 20th, 1901, authorises: (1) The golf club to play the game of golf; (2) it recognises a right on the part of the residents in the parish of Mitcham to play golf or any other game on the golf course or links; (3) the golfers are under a covenant to play golf in a reasonable way, so as not to interfere with the exercise of rights of pasturage and other common rights; (4) the licence to play golf is in force until 1930; (5) if the licence is revoked by the Conservators the golf club has to be paid £2,500 by way of compensation, representing the sum paid for the purchase of the manorial rights; (6) the club pay an annual rent of £250.

THE PUBLIC AND THE GOLFGERS.

But how does the general public stand in relation to the golfers at Mitcham? In effect, the public roaming over the common are trespassers. The Common Law, it has been declared, recognises no right in the public at large to roam over the waste lands at their will and pleasure, that a right of common is a right over someone else's land, that even a commoner is a trespasser upon the waste lands of the manor, if he goes there for any purpose not within the scope of his right of common. Mr. F. C. Lloyd, the Town Clerk of Croydon, made an exhaustive examination of the whole of this question three years ago. The specific question was put to him as to what were the legal rights of the general public over Mitcham before the Act of 1891. "The general public," he said, "in my judgment, had no legal rights over the common. It may have been the habit for the public to stroll on the common, but no legal origin can be attributed to such a 'habit.' . . . The only right which the general public can acquire over land is a right of passage in a defined path from a *terminus a quo* to a *terminus ad quem*—that is, a public right of way. . . . There is no such right known to our law as a right for the public at large, either to use land for recreation or otherwise, or to wander over it generally. Before the scheme [of 1891] came into operation a member of the public, as such, going on to the common was liable to be sued as a trespasser; since, however, such a person, so long as he complies with the bye-laws of the Conservators, is not so liable." Apparently, therefore, in the eye of the law the Mitcham golfers are exercising a legitimate right acquired by them through purchase and subsequent licence, while the members of the outside public who persistently interfere with the game and the players on the common have no *locus standi* whatever.

A. J. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW OFTEN BIRDS FEED THEIR YOUNG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is well known among observers of Nature with what indefatigableness and perseverance the birds feed their young, but the actual time and intervals are not generally known. The following observations, which, according to the "Ornithologische Monatsherichten," have been made by the forest inspector Rurt Loast of Liboch, Bohemia, are therefore very interesting, and give the most practical and striking evidence of the great utility of the birds in the service of Nature. The observations refer to a swallow, the spouse of which had been caught, so the care and feeding of the young birds consequently were left to the male alone. The time during which it was observed was from 6.15 a.m. to 7.45 p.m. on August 15th, 1907. During this time the bird made the following number of visits to the nest with food:

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|----------|-----|-----------------------------|
| From 6.15 a.m. to 7.15 a.m. | 35 times | ... | Sunshine and partly clouded |
| " 7.15 " 8.15 " | 38 " | ... | " " |
| " 8.15 " 9.15 " | 22 " | ... | " " |
| " 9.15 " 10.15 " | 52 " | ... | " " |
| " 10.15 " 11.15 " | 62 " | ... | " " |
| " 11.15 " 12.15 p.m. | 69 " | ... | " " |
| " 12.15 p.m. to 1.15 " | 41 " | ... | Clouded and cool |
| " 1.15 " 2.15 " | 34 " | ... | Some rain |
| " 2.15 " 3.15 " | 40 " | ... | " " |
| " 3.15 " 4.15 " | 71 " | ... | Sunshine |
| " 4.15 " 5.15 " | 42 " | ... | " " |
| " 5.15 " 6.15 " | 20 " | ... | " " |
| " 6.15 " 7.15 " | — " | ... | " " |
| " 7.15 " 7.45 " | — " | ... | " " |

The total number of feeding visits was thus 526, and it was repeatedly observed that the bird brought in his beak sufficient food for two or three young birds to share. If the quantity of food for their own subsistence is estimated to be equal to that carried to the young birds, the result is that during the period of hatching a pair of swallows consume and exterminate not less than 3,000 insects per day, which must be acknowledged as a very good day's work.—A. U.

[The following passage from Bishop Stanley's book, "A Familiar History of Birds," is an interesting supplement to the paper translated by our correspondent: "Sparrows feed their young thirty-six times in an hour, which, calculating at the rate of fourteen hours a day, in the long days of spring and summer, gives 3,500 times per week, a number corroborated on

the authority of another writer, who calculated the number of caterpillars destroyed in a week to be 3,400. Redstarts were observed to feed their young with little green grubs from gooseberry trees twenty-three times in an hour, which, at the same calculation, amounts to 2,251 times in a week; but more grubs than one were usually imparted each time. Chaffinches, at the rate of about thirty-five times an hour, for five or six times together, when



they would pause and not return for intervals of eight or ten minutes; the food was green caterpillars. The titmouse, sixteen times in an hour. The comparative weight consumed was as follows: A greenfinch, provided with eighty grains, by weight, of wheat, in twenty-four hours, consumed seventy-nine; but of thick paste, made of flour, egg, etc., it consumed upwards of 100 grains. A goldfinch consumed about ninety grains of canary seed in twenty-four hours. Sixteen canaries consumed at the average rate of 100

grains each in twenty-four hours. The consumption of food by these birds, compared with the weights of their bodies, was about one-sixth, which supposing a man to consume food in the same proportion to his weight, would amount to about 25lb. for every twenty-four hours."—ED.]

YOUNG THRUSHES IN MARCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On March 29th I saw in the grounds of Grove House, Lenham, Kent, within a stone's throw of the village, two young song thrushes, which could fly 25yds. or 30yds. I ran one down and showed him to my friends, afterwards restoring him to his parents. Surely this is most unusually early for the young of the thrush to be strong on the wing. Our village is 370ft. above the sea, and very exposed.—JAMES T. HATCH, JUN.

POISONED EARTH-WORMS.

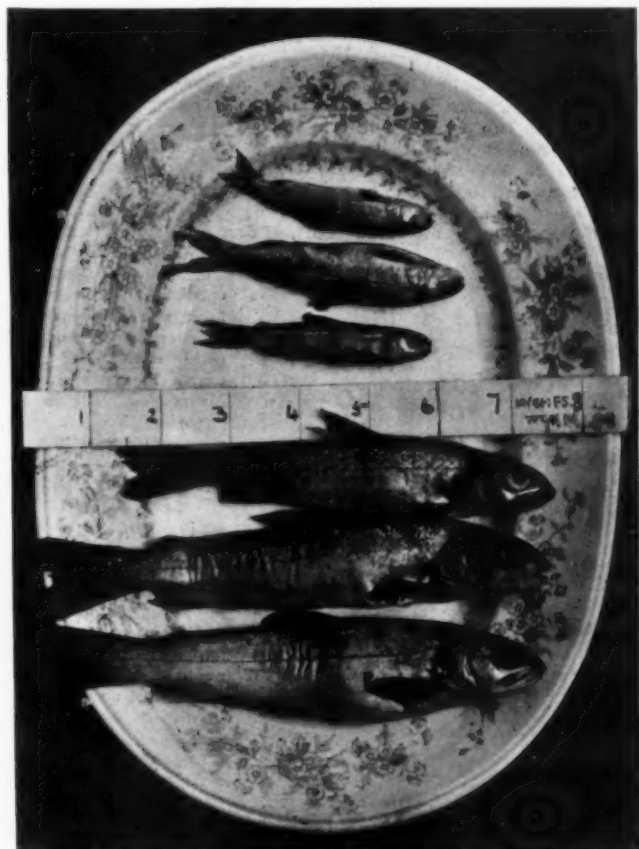
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is well known that certain solutions poured over garden walks cause the worms to bolt out of their burrows in their efforts to escape from the noxious fluid. This seems to be exactly what happens when new asphaltic walks are first soaked with rain; the poisonous solution sinks into the ground, and the unfortunate worms endeavour to get away by coming to the surface. Four days ago, in Hove Park, after a night of heavy rain, I saw a number of dying worms crawling weakly about on a fresh asphaltic path, exactly as described by your correspondent "East Devon." Probably these poisoned worms have swallowed enough of the fatal liquid to make them unpalatable, and so the birds leave them alone.—B.

GROWTH OF SMALL TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You probably remember my letter of a year ago, giving you results of growth of small trout in ponds, with and without decaying vegetable (matured bracken) in them. I made the experiment again, but bedded the bracken pond with the fern in spring, when its fronds were just uncurling. After it had lain in water for some time we put the fry into the ponds, twenty-five into each. In midsummer the stream stopped for three or four days, and, as I feared, the bracken pond showed up some dead trout, suffocated, I should think. A little while ago we took out the trout and examined the bottom of the ponds. The bracken pond was a seething mass of live larvæ worms and minute crustacean life in immense quantities in the water. There were, unfortunately, only five trout in the bracken pond and seventeen in the clean pond, the weights of the first three trout in the bracken pond were 2 1/8oz., 2oz. and 1 1/2oz.; they were full of a red larvæ that are found in mud on bracken; in the other the first three weighed 3 1/2oz., 3oz. and 2 1/2oz. Though the experiment was unsatisfactory in itself, I think that, taken with the result of the first experiment, it confirms the belief that the decaying vegetable matter forms food for trout—that all flesh (trout flesh) is grass. I enclose a photograph of the trout. This spring I am going to divide our usual hatching of small fry, some 5,000, into these two ponds. You are probably aware that fry ponds are usually kept scrupulously clean; in this case one pond will have a clean, gravelly bottom, while the other will contain gravel and mud on decaying vegetable matter. I know this letter, though it is to my mind long, does not cover the subject. Perhaps you can point out to your readers the rest of the correspondence it relates to. I have heard from several of your readers that they are following up the plan, but I have not heard results.—W. G. BURN-MURDOCH.



AN OLD VETERAN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I venture to send you a photograph which I hope you will consider of sufficient interest to reproduce in COUNTRY LIFE. It is the picture of Mrs. Dickson, an old woman aged eighty-seven, who lives in the village of Aldrough, near Darlington, and who for the last fourteen years has been totally blind. Those years have been spent in knitting for the deep-sea fishermen, and she has made well over 1,000 pairs of the heavy, thick stockings such as the fishermen wear and of which a pattern lies on her lap in the photograph. She lives all alone, though she has a bell at hand which rings into the neighbouring cottage, where her married daughter lives. When I spoke of sending her picture to a London newspaper she expressed the greatest possible delight, but she also doubted whether she would be considered "worthy of such an honour." I hope that you will grant her the honour.—A. W.



FOXES IN TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "X." writes that "If his memory does not deceive him there was at one time a tree-haunting fox in the Duke of Beaufort's country." These hounds very frequently find foxes in trees, and have done so at least a dozen times during the past season; the V.W.H. (Bathurst) have also had some gallops after "arboreal" foxes, but not so often as the Badminton. The habit of living in trees is certainly more developed among the Wiltshire foxes than with those of the Shires, where it is a comparatively rare occurrence for them to be found in such a situation. The probable explanation of this is that foxes are so plentiful in the Duke's country that many of them are forced to "lie out" by their own kind (who have previously taken possession of all the available coverts). Their being the case, an ivy-covered or pollarded tree would form the warmest and quietest "kennel" for the outcast, and he is quick to learn that he is safer in the branches of an old ash than in a field or hedgerow.—TULIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent's enquiry as to foxes climbing trees, he will, doubtless, be interested to know that in Savernake Forest there stood for many years an oak tree which seemed to have a particular attraction for foxes. The trunk and the branches were covered with ivy, and both the trunk and the largest branches showed marked signs of continuous usage. It was not an uncommon event for two or three foxes to be seen at one time sunning themselves on the branches; and on one occasion my uncle counted no less than five. When the Tedworth Hunt had any difficulty in finding in the immediate neighbourhood, more than one visit has been paid to the tree and the quarry dislodged by the whipper-in. The tree in question was, however, unfortunately, blown down during the summer of last year. He also a correspondent's note about a thrush singing on the ground. One afternoon last year, about the middle of May, I was walking by the side of Rotten Row when I was surprised to see a thrush, perched only on a piece of caked sand about the size of a cricket ball, singing only as an amorous thrush can sing. This, too, in spite of the fact of a constant stream of people crossing the footpath, which leads across the Row from the Dell to Albert Gate. Although the stream of people passed within 20ft. of the bird, not one person appeared to notice it during some ten minutes which I watched it, neither did the bird seem at all perturbed by the passing throng.—W. P. K. NEALE.

THE ONLY WALRUSES IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Herewith I send you a photograph of two young walruses now to be seen at Mr. Carl Hagenbeck's animal park at Stellingen, near Hamburg. There is now a third walrus at this remarkable zoo. Among zoologists they have awakened no little interest, for they are the only specimens of these strange creatures now in captivity. True, the walrus has been seen at our own Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, and more recently at the New York Zoological Gardens. These specimens, all very young, are long since dead. The fact is the walrus is not an easy animal to rear in captivity, while it is also a very expensive creature to feed. Two of the walruses at Stellingen, a bull and a cow, were received there on October 30th last, while another young female was secured by the proprietor of the gardens on November 10th. When the bull was let out of its travelling cage close to the seal pond where it is now housed, it began slowly to make its way to the water, when it detected a Polar bear gazing at it. It stopped dead, gave a cry of alarm, and then endeavoured to waddle back to its cage. It was only after much

persuasion that it could be induced to remain in its new domicile. Just above the seal pond where these animals are kept are the quarters for the Polar bears. The latter cannot get at the walrus, a deep and broad ditch confining them to their allotted enclosure. It appears that the Polar bear hunts the young walrus, and there are instances on record of full-grown specimens being overpowered by this monarch of the North. The Polar bear is the natural enemy of the young walrus. The walruses share their pond with a number of sea-lions and seals. At first they appeared very nervous when any of the former approached them. The young female, when a sea-lion came close, would make for the back of the bull and get on to it. Evidently this is the method adopted by the elder ones when protecting their young in their native element. The first difficulty experienced was the feeding of the creatures. The men who caught them fed them on seal fish and brought several tons of this meat with them to Stellingen. This soon gave out, and although every kind of conceivable food was offered to the creatures, the bull steadily refused to take any of it. The two females ate with relish codfish and thrived upon it, but the bull refused it. At last Mr. Hagenbeck tried him with shark or dogfish, and it was only after a fortnight's fast that he consented to accept it. Since then he has got used to this diet and consumes it quite heartily, and also the cod. Indeed, it is the latter fish that is now being given to the animals. The walrus is a great eater, a fact which makes it expensive to maintain these creatures in captivity. The three young specimens at Stellingen consume about 85lb. of codfish per day. It costs £30 a month to feed them. On no account will the animals take fish or meat with bones in it. If there are any bones in the cod that is given to them they at once reject it. A man is kept doing nothing else all day long but removing the bones from the fish before it is given to the walruses. At first the fish was dipped in seal fat, and it was also found that the walruses were very fond of seal oil. The keeper cuts the meat into strips, like rolls, and holds it to the animals' mouths. The walruses do not bite it in the ordinary sense, but take it by suction, without opening their mouths very wide. The under lip plays an important part in taking the food, as they stretch out the former in order to grip the latter. The bristles round the mouth act as a sieve as the food more or less is drawn through them. During the fortnight that the bull refused food he did not lose much flesh. It is said that during the breeding-time in the



early part of the year they even go for weeks without touching food, living on their store of accumulated fat. Since their arrival the animals have grown tremendously, the bull measuring over 7ft. 6in. in length. The females are much smaller. It is estimated that the bull is eighteen months old, and the elder of the females just under one year. They are very tame and appear to be quite friendly. Each one knows its name and comes when called. They do not even object to being fondled by their keeper. The tusks, the most noteworthy feature of the walrus, which project downwards from the upper jaw, are but a few inches in length in the animals under notice. As they grow older these will increase in length, until they attain to 18in. or 2ft. or even more. A full-grown walrus, it may be added, measures from 10ft. to 12ft. in length from nose to tail, the top of its head being quite 5ft. above the ground, while the girth of the neck is from 12ft. to 14ft., the animal turning the scale at anywhere from 1,800lb. to 2,000lb. It is nothing less than a moving mountain of heaving flesh, wrinkled and furrowed, and somewhat ferocious in appearance on account of its tusks and the thick bristles which cover its mouth. On land it is very clumsy, but in the water it is a fast swimmer, a good diver

and can remain for long periods at a time under the surface.—H. J. SHEPSTONE.

SETTING A STONE.

TO THE EDITOR. SIR,—As a supplement to the mill pictures that were published in COUNTRY LIFE recently, I enclose a photograph of a miller setting a stone that I think will be interesting to your readers.—A. MANN.

THE WORD "SNED."

TO THE EDITOR. SIR,—In your article on Keele Hall in COUNTRY LIFE for February 29th, you mention "the scythe, whose handle is called 'sned.'" I do not know whether it may interest your readers to know that this name is still used, or, at any rate, it was, when I was a boy in Hampshire twenty-five years ago.—J. E. SUMMERBEE.

[The word "sned" is still used in the North of England, as well as in the South.—ED.]

GUDGEON-FISHING IN THE EAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Our own gudgeon is so tiny a fish that angling for it is to be regarded merely as the passing amusement of the summer hour. Indeed, the name itself is reminiscent of calm sunny days on the Thames, summer frocks and merry girlish faces—all very pleasant, no doubt, but not serious fishing. The Indian gudgeon, on the other hand, is comparable with the roach as regards size, while on the table it is one of the most desirable fresh-water fishes of the East. *Gobius giuris*, to give its official name, grows commonly to 3lb.; more occasionally it reaches a weight of 1lb. to 1½lb., and very rarely 2lb. and even 3lb. My own notes record one of 1½lb. and two of 1½lb. each. The Asiatic gudgeon is an ugly fish; yellow as to colour, with a big, flattened head and large mouth. Its curious semi-transparency when held against the light is a means by which its identity may be instantly established, even by the angler who has never seen one before. This Indian fish is a free, bold biter, but slow and sure in its methods. The float sinks gently out of sight and either remains just below the surface or moves slowly and quietly away. Worms and skinned prawns are both good baits, worms being, if anything, the better. I have often taken the larger specimens on live bait when fishing for murrel. Throughout Southern India and Ceylon gudgeon are to be found in every pond and lake. Those places where natives are accustomed to wash their cooking-pots are invariably excellent spots to fish from. The angler can find these places for himself, as the bank is always worn into a gentle slope, while two or three large, flat-topped stones projecting above the water show where the natives stand while dipping their pots. By standing on these same stones the angler is enabled to reach fairly deep water, and if a long bamboo is used vigorously on the bottom so as to stir up the mud and cloud the water the gudgeon usually come on the feed at once. The worm or prawn should, of course, touch the bottom, and

it is well not to have the gut too fine, as it is no uncommon occurrence to hook a 2lb. murrel in a gudgeon pitch. Adopting these methods, I have caught in ponds close to Madras as many as six dozen gudgeon in an afternoon.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

AN ANCIENT "GRAVE PROTECTOR."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed is a photograph of a "grave protector," such as was used in Scotland about sixty years ago. These protectors were placed over newly-filled graves in order to prevent "body-snatchers" from stealing their contents. Subjects for dissection being scarce in those days, a good "body" commanded a good price from doctors or medical students.—SCOTUS.

